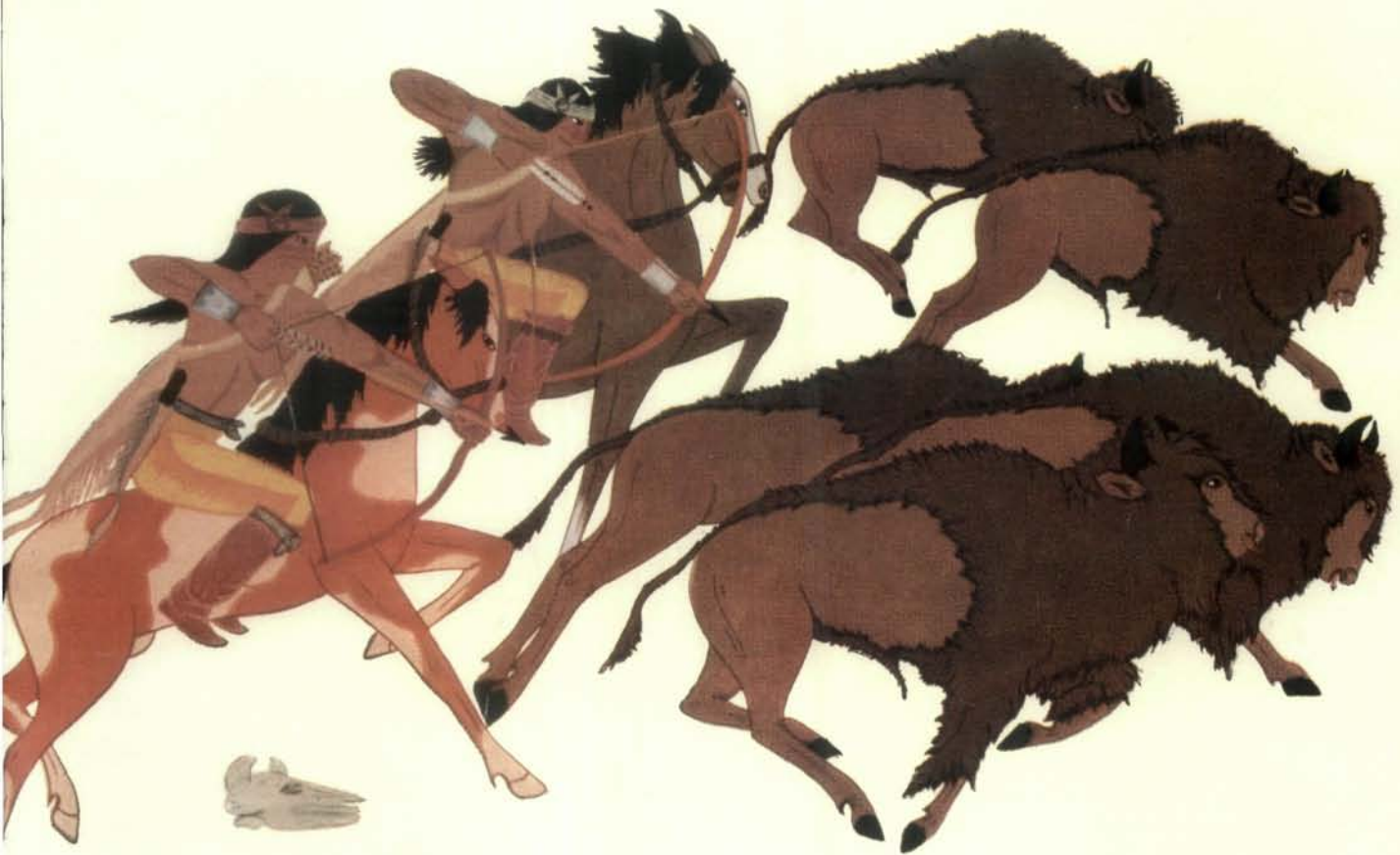


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mean in research, jobs and purchasing, are an important factor in the over-all economy of the country as well as in the best interests of telephone users.

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JUNE

ATLANTIC

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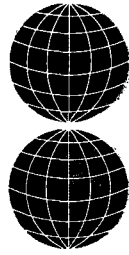
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WASHINGTON

A FEW weeks after the Kaiser's legions attacked Verdun in early 1916, a young man less than a year out of Harvard turned up in Berlin, where he was to serve briefly as an attaché in the American Embassy. He was Christian A. Herter, then twenty-one. Four months after Herter moved from Berlin to Brussels, the United States entered World War I. Today Herter, as Secretary of State, faces a new Berlin and a new German crisis.

With years of excellent experience behind him, Herter is the nation's front-line negotiator as the United States is involved in a new round of talks with the Soviet Union. Unlike his two immediate predecessors, Dean Acheson and John Foster Dulles, he has an enormous reservoir of good will in the Congress, where he served well for a decade. Washington is hopeful that Herter will measure up to the job, but he will have to prove that he has toughness as well as charm and intelligence.

The Democratic leadership

A lopsided congressional majority usually is hard to handle. This is more true in the Senate, with its all but unlimited debate and smaller membership, than in the House, where talk is limited and the Speaker is extremely powerful. In last year's election the Democrats came within a fraction of controlling two thirds of the seats in each chamber. Speaker Rayburn and Senate Majority Leader Johnson at once went to work to make sure the situation would not get out of hand when the new Congress assembled. Rayburn throttled a move by House Democratic liberals to relax the grip of the Southern Democratic-Republican control over the key Rules Committee. He promised that no major bill would be allowed to die there, and he has lived up to his word.

In the Senate, Johnson moved several degrees to the left of his previous position at the center of

the party's membership, a move he felt was indicated by the election returns. To Johnson, the returns meant more moderates but not more liberals among his team, as he likes to call it. He felt he was proved correct in his analysis by the compromise measure, voted just after Congress convened, to moderate but not to liberalize the Senate's filibuster rule.

Joe Clark rebels

Johnson knew, and expected, that some of the Democrats would revolt against his policy of touching all bases and then coming up with a compromise. First it was Wisconsin's Proxmire; then it was Oregon's Morse and Michigan's McNamara. But an incident in April involving Pennsylvania's Senator Joseph Clark appeared to many Capital observers as the first real sign of trouble ahead for both Johnson and the Democratic Party itself in Congress.

Clark was one of the majority of senators who voted to liberalize a measure temporarily to extend federal unemployment insurance, despite Johnson's objection that to do so was to court a presidential veto and thereby kill any extension of the law. The liberalization vote was washed out in a Senate-House committee agreement, however. What riled Clark and a good many other Senate Democrats was the cavalier way their majority vote was ignored by the conference group. That group, dominated by conservative Senator Byrd, who heads the Finance Committee, took exactly twenty-one minutes to throw out the Senate amendment.

Clark was boiling. He finally sat down and wrote Johnson a letter warning the leader that the "younger Democrats" were becoming "more restless and frustrated week by week," not just because of this one incident but because it typified their

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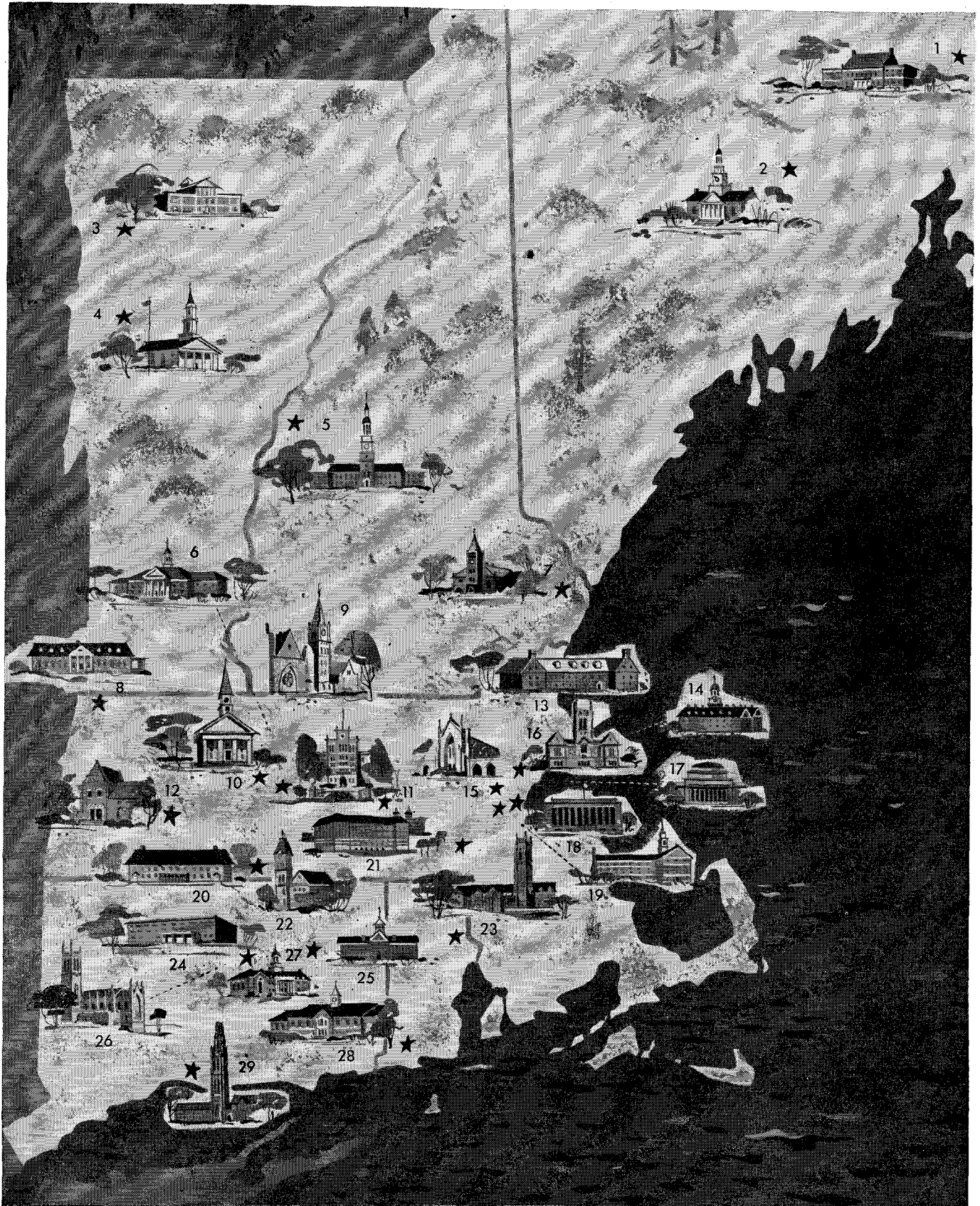
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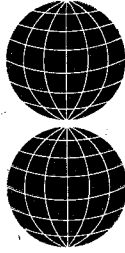
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feeling that they were not given a chance to be heard on party policy issues. After all, Clark could argue with good reason, unemployment and how to meet it were a matter of major national concern and therefore of major party concern in terms of creating a record on which to run in 1960.

Johnson, a sensitive, often vain man, took all these criticisms in silence. For Clark has one of the Senate's best intellects; he represents the modern liberal element in the party from the great centers of American population; he is no maverick; and he has been one of the few members of Congress willing publicly to propose raising taxes if necessary to meet increased federal responsibilities, beginning with more defense.

Clark had been trying quietly to move Johnson by suggesting months earlier the addition to the generally conservative Senate Democratic Policy Committee of such liberals as Senator Humphrey of Minnesota. And he avoided the brash outcry of Morse, who charged the Senate Democratic leadership, meaning Johnson, with becoming the "collusive ally" of the Eisenhower Administration.

Johnson acts

Johnson's answer to Clark came not in a speech but in action, a typical Johnson maneuver. At the AFL-CIO-sponsored unemployment mass meeting in Washington's National Guard Armory, shortly after the Clark protest became known, Johnson, with labor's prior agreement, proceeded to start a fire under the Administration.

He proposed, and the Senate next day approved, setting up a committee, named partly by Congress and partly by the Administration, to tour the unemployment centers and to report back with recommendations on how to meet the issue. His play was, in effect, to use this device to get around a prospective Eisenhower veto.

It is not correct to say that this maneuver came only as Johnson's answer to Clark. But it did help make up Johnson's mind that he had to act to keep such complaints from turning into a much more serious revolt against his leadership.

The problem, of course, is not just that two thirds of the seats in Congress are held by Demo-

crats. The problem is that under the American constitutional system there is no such thing as real party responsibility, as that term is meant in the British and some other parliamentary systems of government. Johnson cannot by rule enforce his view; nor can a majority of the party's members in either house bind their fellows to any policy by a caucus vote.

In the face of these obvious facts, Johnson has worked with great skill to hold his party together, to find a consensus on critical issues, and to accent the positive rather than the negative in legislation. Perhaps the historians will judge his approach the right one; certainly the senator is convinced that his "come, let us reason together" philosophy is the only possible approach and that the record has borne him out.

Johnson's method is to sound out all wings of the party membership before letting a measure reach a vote. He usually supports what he takes to be the consensus of what is possible in terms of votes. And therefore he usually gets his way. He is a back-room operator. One new senator who for years had served in the House remarked on Johnson's success this way: in the House, a congressman would never think of going to Speaker Rayburn on a personal basis the way a senator approaches Johnson, asking favorable treatment for some measure, unless it were a matter of utmost gravity.

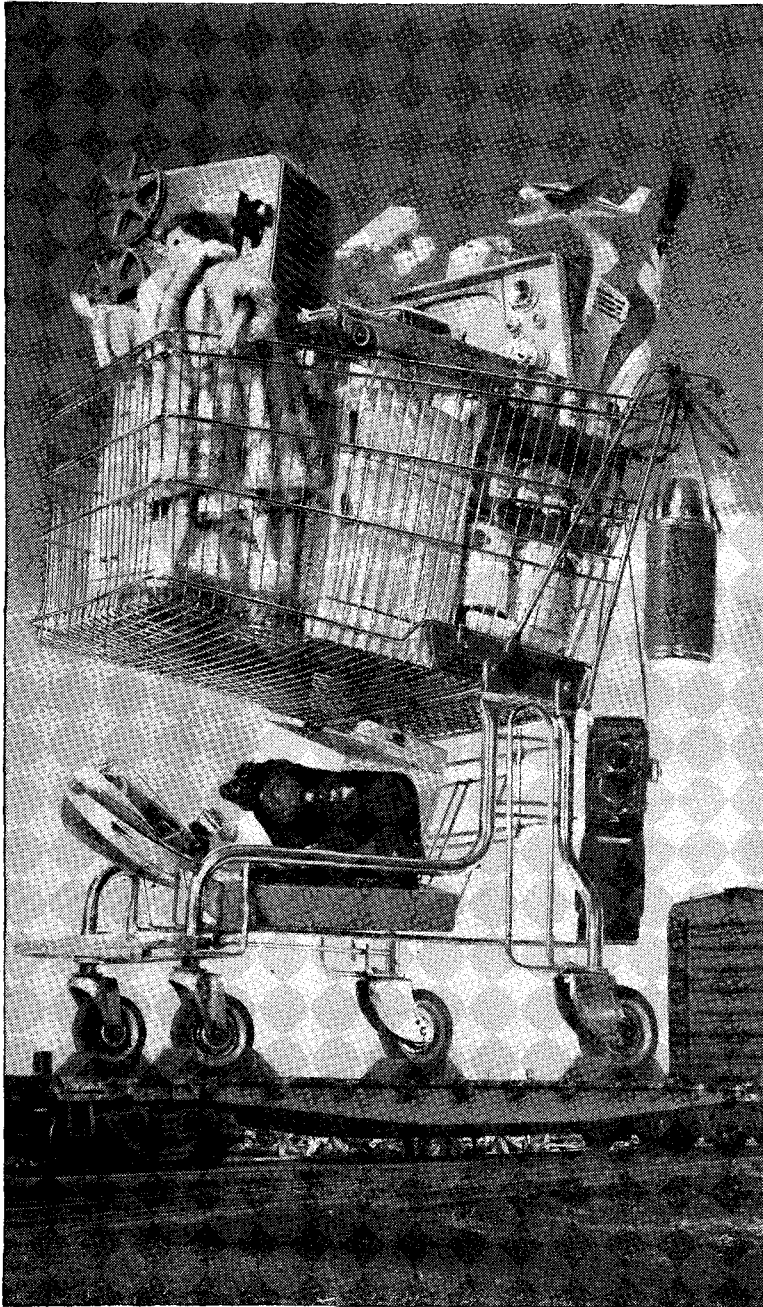
The fact that the complaints in the Senate have not come from any of the newly elected Democrats is a source of pride to Johnson. As he sees it, the reason is that he has correctly judged the election returns. Some observers, however, believe that Johnson by his careful courtesies, including committee assignments, has the new members so indebted to him that they see no reason to complain. But if history offers any lesson, the times will make the issues, and the issues will bring new pressures on Johnson for more liberal legislation.

The power of the purse

The Bureau of the Budget, which is part of the executive office of the President, is formally charged "to assist the President in the preparation of the budget and in the formulation of the fiscal program of the government" and to "supervise and control the administration of the budget." At last count, budget director Maurice H. Stans had 422 people working for him. But this is a bare-bones description of one of the most powerful agencies, and one of the least known, in Washington.

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"That's the effect of living backwards," the Queen said kindly: "it always makes one a little giddy at first—"

"Living backwards!" Alice repeated in great astonishment. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"—but there's a great advantage in it, that one's memory works both ways."

"I'm sure mine only works one way," Alice remarked. "I can't remember things before they happen."

"It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards," the Queen remarked.

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.
Chapter V

What wouldn't investors give to have the White Queen's two-way memory—to know tomorrow's stock prices today, to be able to enjoy perpetual profits in the stock market!

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Report on Washington



than not have the last word on what kind of program the Administration can operate, be it for foreign aid or for controlling hoof-and-mouth disease. Downtown, it is the Budget Bureau which dominates the spending plans, as laid down by Congress, of each and every segment of the Administration. And in a situation, such as now exists, where the director is in full agreement with the President, the Budget Bureau often is more powerful than the functioning agencies themselves.

Stans is a quiet man of independent wealth who is as dedicated as Eisenhower to the theory of budget balancing. One would never suspect in talking with him that he and his wife are enthusiastic big-game hunters who find relaxation in African safaris. In and out of Washington since 1953, Stans became budget director in early 1956 in the midst of an economy wave then sweeping the Capital. It is Stans who enforced the presidential orders to present a balanced budget this past January and who has been hammering at every agency to hold the line. And Stans, along with Treasury Secretary Anderson, strongly backed the President against Vice President Nixon, Labor Secretary Mitchell, and others in the Administration who wanted a tax cut in mid-1958 to stem the recession.

Because Stans has a group of employees who spend a lot of time ferreting out duplication and questioning this and that program, he has become a villain to many administrators—and military leaders—who feel that their projects are essential. In a sense, the budget director has become a lightning rod to take some of the shafts which otherwise might be aimed at the President.

Congress can vote funds the President does not want, but it is difficult to make him spend the money. One story will illustrate. Some time ago Congress passed an appropriation bill for veterans' hospitals which contained a specific provision for \$2 million for a hospital at McKinney,

Texas, which happens to be in Speaker Rayburn's district. But Budget refused to spend the money. It was spent only after Rayburn himself faced the President with a startling question: "I think you believe in carrying out the law, don't you, Mr. President?" Eisenhower had never heard about McKinney's hospital, but he decided it would be wise to spend that \$2 million.

Some consider the Budget Bureau Washington's "invisible government" or an unseen "third force" in the Capital. Others think it is a watchdog in the fiscal jungle, without whose services the government would rapidly go broke. But no one will deny that it is one of the least-known and most powerful agencies of government—and that Stans faithfully serves Eisenhower's purposes.

Mood of the Capital

Washington is full of conferences and meetings, and hardly any of them lack a senatorial presence. But it took Tennessee's senator Albert Gore, one of the Senate's bright young men, to start up a school for his Democratic colleagues.

Gore is one of the middle group of senators, in terms of seniority, who often feel frustrated because they lack the power of their seniors. He also is aware that many senators, especially those who do not serve on the key committees, feel inadequately informed on the great foreign and domestic issues.

On a Dutch-treat basis, he invited his colleagues to meet at a series of dinners held in the Capitol's old Supreme Court chamber. Here they have been listening to and questioning such men as Henry Kissinger and Raymond Garthoff on foreign policy and Gardner Means on economic issues. Gore expected a dozen or so to turn out for the first meeting. Instead, twenty-four came, and among them the presidential possibilities Johnson, Humphrey, and Symington.

A couple of hours over dinner probably will not resolve questions on great issues. But this is the kind of discussion, lacking the public trappings of senatorial hearings, which helps to clarify thinking. And the very fact that so many have shown interest is in itself a hopeful sign.

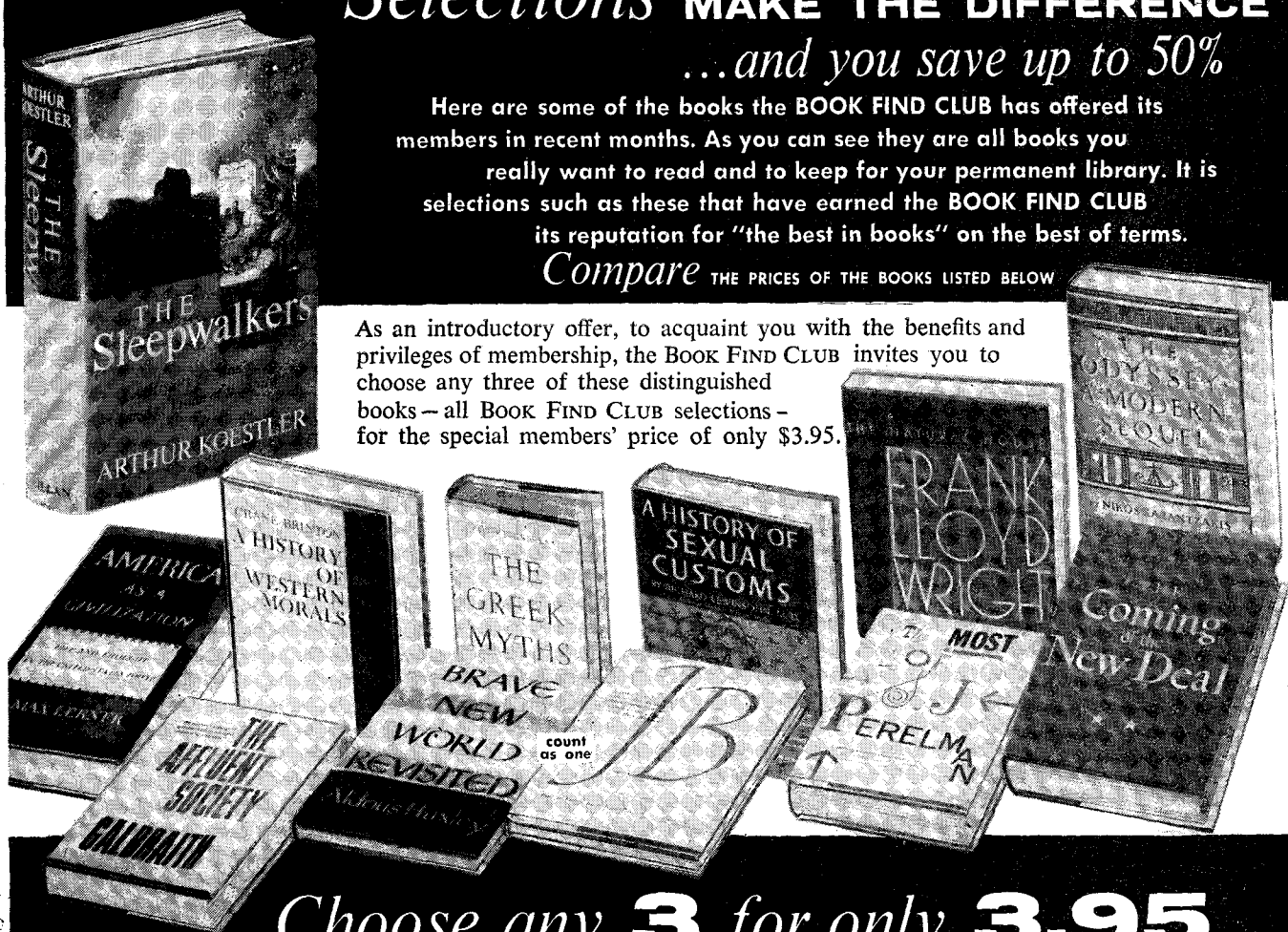
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INDIA's Congress Party is greatly in need of new and dynamic leadership both in New Delhi and in the various states. A few months ago Prime Minister Nehru said "provincialism, casteism, and communalism" (religious rivalry) had developed within the party "to a scandalous and shameful degree." More than two years ago he admitted that the average Indian believes most Congress men are corrupt. Congress leaders themselves are responsible for this impression.

The party's executive committee recently censured five top leaders of Rajasthan for "setting a bad example," by issuing a joint statement accusing their chief minister, M. L. Sukhadia (roughly equivalent to an American governor), of "favoritism, nepotism, and corruption." But others had set the example earlier. Last year dissidents within the Congress in Punjab drew up a 3000-word "charge sheet" accusing their chief minister, Sardar Pratap Singh Kairon, of the same things.

There are dissident cliques in every state. Some represent economic groups like big landlords. Others represent caste groups, and others regional groups. Sometimes an entire group breaks off. In Andhra recently twenty-seven Congress members of the state legislature resigned and are now trying to form their own party. A similar group broke away in Madras state two years ago and fought the last elections as the Congress Reform Party. But experience has shown that splinter groups are ineffective. The cliques generally remain within the party, since this is the source of power and profit.

The 1957 Communist victory in Kerala was due primarily to feuding and mudslinging which destroyed the people's faith in the Congress Party. Even now, while the Communists are busy strangling what is left of democracy in Kerala, the state Congress is rent with feuds. Two rival groups are trying to get control of the party office in the city of Kottayam, while other rival groups are fighting to control the Congress-led Indian National Trade Union Congress office in the Munnar district of Kerala.

Nehru used to spend a lot of time flying off to one or another of the state capitals to gather the feuding politicians behind closed doors and force them to patch up their troubles, at least temporarily. But it is growing obvious that Nehru's authority is waning. The party bosses in the states pay lip service to his calls for unity but openly continue their bickering, and the Prime Minister seldom even attempts to restore peace. Yet at the same time he holds most of the reins of power in his own hands, so that no one else is able to do what he is unwilling or unable to do.

Now even Nehru's personal reputation is being called into question. M. O. Mathai, the Prime Minister's special assistant, resigned following Communist charges that he had unexplained sources of income. The Communists want to know where Mathai got the money to buy a farm worth \$25,000 and why leading industrialists contributed to a \$225,000 trust fund in memory of Mathai's mother.

The Prime Minister has defended the integrity of his former special assistant and has flatly denied the implication that Mathai got money to influence his decisions. "I do not think it proper for anyone to imagine that Mr. Mathai influenced me in anything or in any policy," Nehru said.

Proper or not, the Communists have reiterated their charges. They demand a full, public inquiry, but Nehru has agreed only to a secret investigation by a single government official. This has given the Communists the chance to pose as the defenders of democracy. They have repeated their demands for an open investigation and say they will not lay whatever information they have before the secret group. "Mathais may come and go," declared Bhupesh Gupta, the Communist leader in the upper house of Parliament, "but our parliamentary system and our democratic standards shall remain and we have to protect them."

Nehru's popularity

No one believes that Nehru himself is involved in corruption, but the Mathai case does disclose

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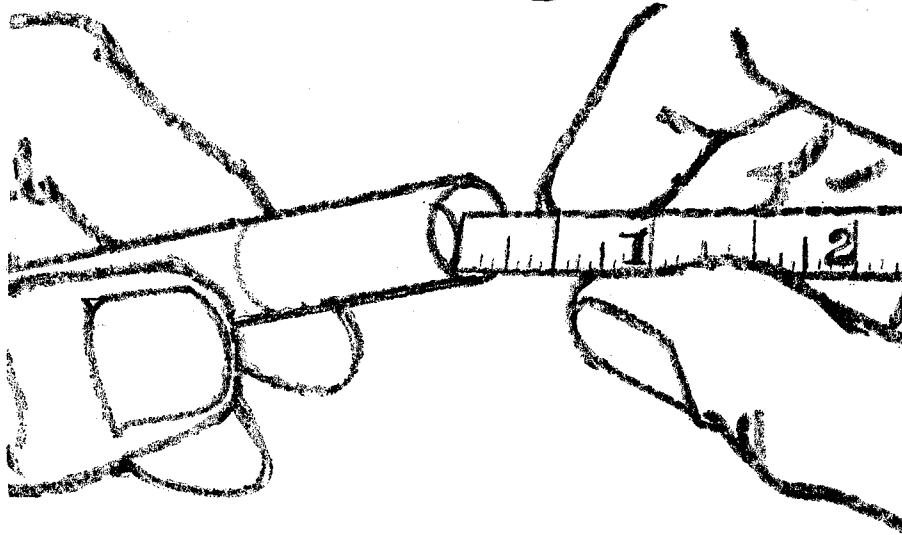
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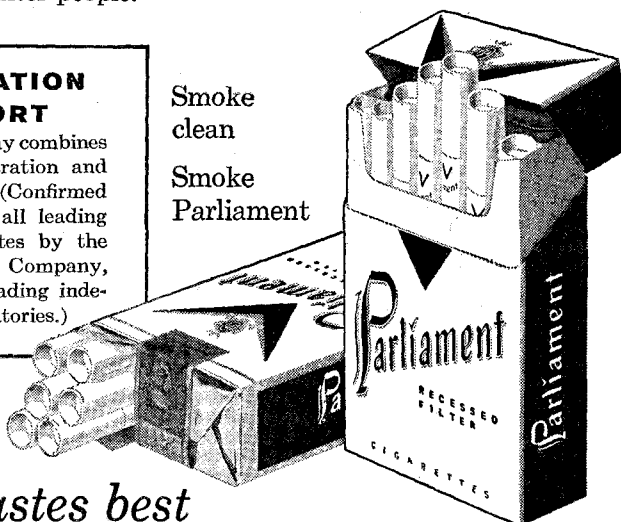
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Report on India



several chinks in his armor. He is a poor judge of men. He is also impatient of implied criticism and either tries to ignore it or loses his temper and says harsh things to those around him. As a result there are few independent men around him, and there are fewer every year as the old stalwarts of the independence struggle—the men who knew Nehru as a youth and who make allowances for his moods—die off. They are replaced by others, who are at best yes men and at worst sycophants or "characters like Ma-thai."

Nehru is still the Congress Party's greatest asset. He is literally worshipped by the vast, illiterate masses, who—by and large—will continue to vote for the party which is able to display Nehru's picture on its election posters. But the question is, what will the Congress Party do for election material after he is gone? When Nehru's daughter, Indira Gandhi (no relation to the Mahatma) was elected Congress president, she spoke of bringing younger elements to the fore and of instilling a new sense of discipline. A. S. Raju, a Congress general secretary, said her election would check a "drift toward the rightist trend of thought."

Her moves so far have been disappointing. The Old Guard members of the executive committee handed in their formal resignations so that she could appoint whomever she wished. She promptly reappointed almost all of the old bosses, explaining, "I cannot deprive myself of the sound and wise counsels of our national leaders in my attempt to make room for young blood." Nehru was dropped as a regular member of the executive committee but added as a "permanent special invitee."

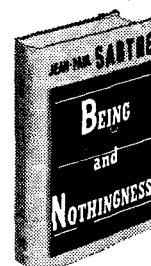
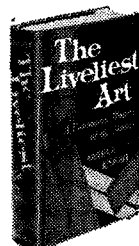
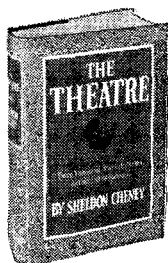
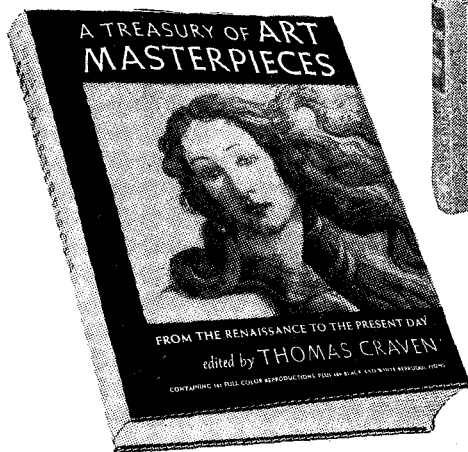
How much socialism?

Nehru, contradictory person that he is, criticizes the Congress for its "provincialism, casteism, and communalism," but he also idealizes it. He once referred to the Congress as the "steel frame" of India, declaring that it was the only group which



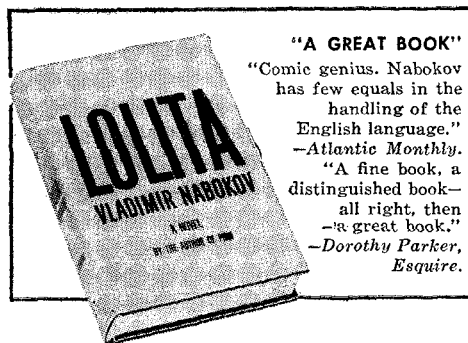
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Report on India



could hold the disparate elements of India together and at the same time provide democratic and socialist leadership.

This is partially true. The Congress is the only political group, except the Communists, which has an effective national organization. The Praja Socialist Party, on the left, is confined to a few pockets of strength and has to compete with two rival socialist parties besides the Communists. There is a flock of small right-wing parties, some of which are parties of former maharajas and feudal landlords.

However, there are doubts whether the Congress really represents socialism. The term is misleading. Congress socialism is generally devoid of any ideological content; it means brotherhood, humanity, and a better deal for the underdog. The trouble with the Congress Party is that its

representatives sometimes belie its socialist slogans.

The Congress health minister of Madhya Pradesh is Rani Padmavati Devi, a former ruling princess for a tribal area. Recently she was at the Nagpur railway station. Nehru had ordered all Congress officeholders to tour the countryside to explain the party's latest plan to organize the entire rural economy into cooperatives by 1962. When the Rani was seen at the railway station returning from her tour, she had a maid to carry her pet Pekingese and four liveried servants to carry her twenty pieces of luggage.

The poor become poorer

Out of a population of 400 million, 70 per cent are engaged in agriculture and allied pursuits. Of these, 30.4 per cent are without land or have so little land they are classified as agricultural laborers. They own one per cent of the land under cultivation and have a per capita income of \$23 a year. Former Congress Party President U. N. Dhebar admits that these agricultural laborers are "groaning under subhuman conditions."

Yet the Congress Party, despite eleven years of majorities in most of the states of India, has not been able to bring about effective land reform. One has only to look at how some of these majorities were obtained to understand why.

The Congress barely got a majority in Orissa in 1957 but promptly strengthened itself by absorbing three men who had been elected on the feudalist Ganatantra Parishad ticket and by forming an alliance with the five members elected on the equally feudalist Jharkand ticket. These new Congress members and Congress allies have effectively sabotaged land reform measures, and the old Congress Party members, who are interested in power more than principles, refuse to get rid of them.

Western visitors to India are always impressed by the many new factories and development works, but Indians themselves are more conscious of the fact that one third of the entire work force is either unemployed or underemployed. Mr. Dhebar has admitted that "the circle of the rich becoming richer and the poor becoming poorer remains unbroken." This is the sort of atmosphere that can destroy a political party or can even breed a revolution.

The Communists already have Kerala, and they brag that they will win Andhra and West Bengal in 1962. However, it would be rash to predict that the red flag will soon be flying over the entire country. The Communists have their own internal troubles. They are mainly concentrated in the cities, and their membership is largely middle class. They are susceptible to such things as the backwash of the Imre Nagy execution and the Pasternak affair. Both these incidents led to the resignation of several local Communist leaders.

Bhave, India's new Gandhi?

Moreover, a new wind is stirring the countryside. Vinoba Bhave's Bhoodan (land gift) movement is gaining strength. It has collected more than four million acres, of which one million have been distributed and another million will be parceled out within a year. The rest is uncultivable. Bhave has also collected about 4500 villages as Gramdan — a plan whereby an entire vil-

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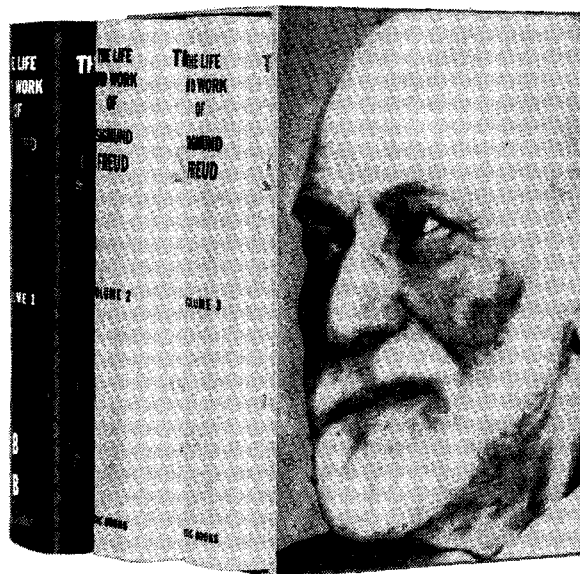
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Report on India



lage contributes all of its land to a common pool and farms it collectively. The Bhoodan movement aims at more than just land reform. Bhave wants a voluntary cooperative commonwealth built on a base of self-sufficient, self-administered villages.

To an American, Bhave's idea may seem too utopian to be practical. But India has its own traditions and ways of doing things, and Bhave is a product of these traditions. Thirty years ago much of what Gandhi said about how to oust the British also seemed wildly impractical. Bhave has been able to convince several highly respected Indian leaders, including former Praja Socialist Jaya Prakash Narayan, of the validity of his approach.

Narayan was once believed to be Nehru's logical successor, but he renounced politics five years ago to join the Bhoodan movement. He is convinced that parliamentary democracy does not meet the needs of India's conditions. He thinks bossism, corruption, and feuds are almost automatic under the present system because it is too easy for a small, educated elite to take advantage of a vast, illiterate, and poverty-stricken peasantry.

Instead, he favors a series of indirect elections so that the peasants vote in small blocs for issues they can understand and for candidates they know personally. The persons elected from the bottom rung in turn vote for people to the next higher rung and so on up the line.

He also says the peasants must be given economic independence, and since there is not enough land for all, what there is should be worked co-operatively and the surplus labor used to produce most of a village's needs in clothing and small utensils and implements. Neither Bhave nor Narayan opposes large industries. They say that given the rapid population increase — now about 6 million a year — industries will never reduce the pressure on the land, so

that capital-intensive heavy industries and labor-intensive cottage industries must develop side by side.

The Bhoodan ideas find ready acceptance among the Indian peasants. Bhave walks constantly, never stopping more than one night in any place. His march along narrow, dusty, back-country roads has taken on the proportions of a triumphal procession. The villagers come from miles around to greet him as he passes and then gather at his halting place to listen attentively to what he has to say.

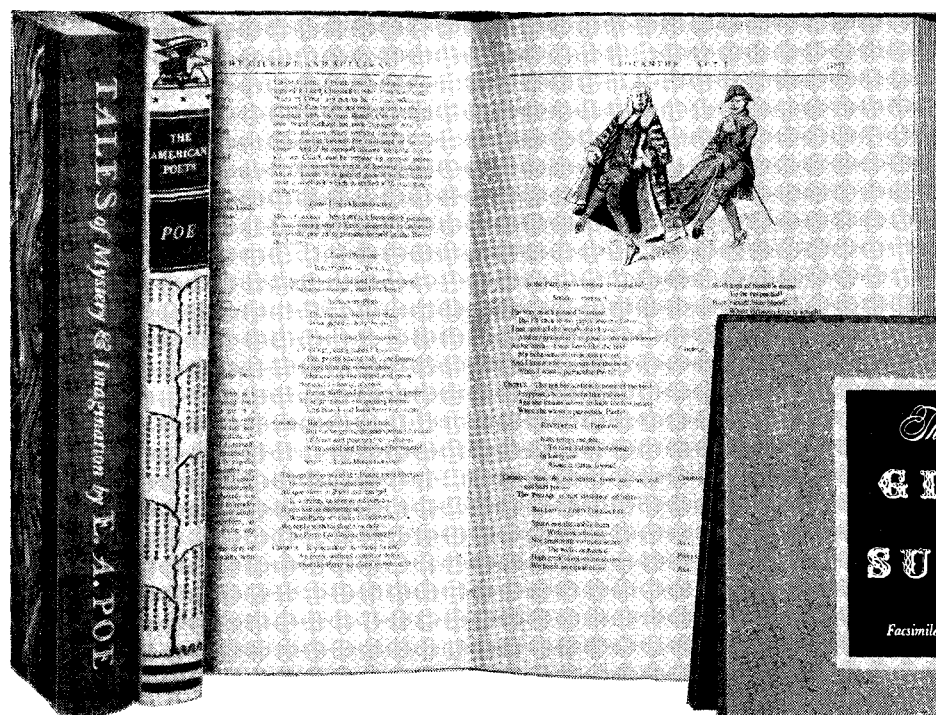
Antidote to Communism

Basically, Bhave is helping to spread democracy. He tells the peasants to rearrange their lives and lands without waiting for the government to act. He insists that no coercion be used. Although he does not preach anti-Communism, he is actually a strong antidote to Communism. If the Indian peasants can learn to handle their own village and district affairs and not succumb to violence, they will automatically learn how to exercise better control of their political representatives at the state level, and eventually at the national level.

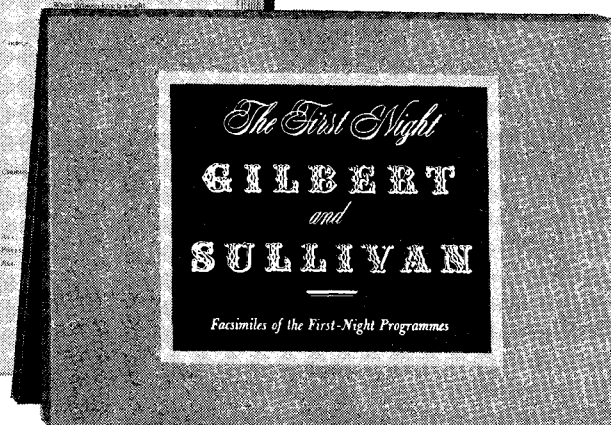
Despite the present confusion and growing sense of frustration due to the shortcomings of Congress Party rule, there are signs that democracy in India is already growing more vigorous. Last year public opinion forced the resignation of T. T. Krishnamachari, who was considered an all-powerful finance minister.

The way Indian newspapers have publicized the Mathai affair shows that even Prime Minister Nehru is no longer immune to criticism, although it is a pity that the Communists have managed to lead the attack. Even the feuding within the Congress Party is partially due to a democratic revolt against strong-man rule.

Ironically, although Bhave criticizes the Congress Party for its obvious failings, there are usually a number of white Gandhi caps, signifying Congress workers, in his audience. Bhoodan is inspiring Congress district workers to become more active among the people. The old Gandhian idealism, which swept away the British, may again nourish the roots of the National Congress Party.



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The Atlantic Report CANADA



IT is doubtful if one American in a thousand has ever heard of the Avro Arrow. Nevertheless the impact of the Arrow on Canadian-American relations, and the fundamental questions it raises for American defense planners, may be both prolonged and profound. The Arrow was a 1500-mile-per-hour delta-wing jet interceptor. After lavishing more than \$400 million on its design and development, Canada abandoned it on the eve of its going into production. The government was convinced that the Arrow had been made obsolete by intercontinental guided missiles. If 1500-mile-per-hour fighters are useless to intercept incoming atomic rocket bombs in Canada, what good are they in the United States?

The Canadian decision to junk the Arrow was taken during the ides of March in an atmosphere of political turmoil. For Canadians, it was a rude awakening from a dream of industrial aggrandizement. It marked the beginning of a reshaping of Canadian thinking about the defense of Canada. The dream was an important Canadian intangible. It arose from the fact that for almost a hundred years Canada's main export to the United States had been brains. The steady trek of young engineers, doctors, and other scientists southward has long agitated Canadians.

World War II offered a solution to the problem. Canada underwent an accelerated industrialization. Huge plants were thrown up to build airplanes, tanks, vehicles, munitions, ships, and endless varieties of matériel for the Canadian forces and their allies. When the war ended, the government made every effort to keep these plants going so that the engineering skills acquired during the war could find full employment in Canada.

An essential part of this drive was the search for big works projects: the Chalk River atomic energy project, the Trans-Canada Highway, the Trans-Canada Pipe Line, the St. Lawrence Seaway, the Canso Causeway, all multimillion-dollar undertakings. So were the main contributions which Canada made to the South East Asia Treaty Organization and European recovery.

The Avro Arrow was cast in this mold. When the English Hawker-Siddeley group, in 1945, evinced an interest in starting up a jet aircraft business in a recently vacated government plant in Toronto, it got the red-carpet treatment. Britain, at that time, was far in advance of the United States in jet aircraft development. It was no trick at all to envision Canada as the jet capital of North America, with orders for jet planes pouring in even from the United States.

So A. V. Roe Canada Limited — Avro — was born. The government kept it supplied with orders for jet fighters, and its record has been impressive. It developed and built the CF-100s with which the Canadian air force in Europe is equipped. In addition to turning out seven hundred jet fighters, it developed a jet airliner that missed beating the Comet into the air by only two weeks. But that plane was a casualty of Korea as the Avro plant was converted to fighter production exclusively.

Canadian jets versus American missiles

By the time the first experimental Arrow was ready for flight, the government's investment was over \$300 million. For three years, 15,000 employees worked steadily on the Arrow. Eventually, in the fall of 1957, a flying model was put into the air, on the day the Russians exploded their first Sputnik into space. Though work went on, Sputnik finished the Arrow. A year later, in September, 1958, Prime Minister Diefenbaker announced in Parliament that future use of the Arrow was being drastically cut back and that Canada would rely largely on Bomarc guided missiles, to be obtained from the United States.

The announcement opened a flood of questioning. What would become of the Canadian aircraft industry, the wide range of parts plants, the 15,000 workers concentrated in one area? All depended on the Arrow. Why should Canada buy Bomarc in the United States? Why not make them in Canada? Why not continue to make Arrows and supply our allies with them, or sell them to the United States? The government promised to try everything.



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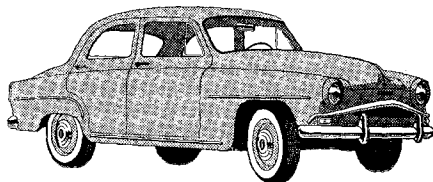
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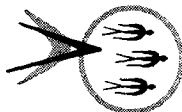


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Report on Canada



The decision to buy American Bomarc's was particularly embarrassing. A third of Canada's budget, \$1.5 billion, goes for defense. So long as the money paid Canadian labor and bought Canadian material, the expenditure was manageable. Again, defense contracts could be used to keep skilled Canadian technicians and scientists at work in Canada. But, if Canada must go to the United States for its weapons, it will lose its engineers and impair its industrial potential. Expenditures on defense will then become a drain on the economy.

It was natural, therefore, that with the first Arrow decision should come a campaign to obtain defense orders from the United States. The Bomarc's would function behind the DEW Line and Mid-Canada Line warning systems, set up primarily to protect the United States from Russian attack. Canada had become the Maginot Line of the United States. There was no way in which the United States could protect itself from Russia without Canadian co-operation on its northern border. Therefore, a continental defense policy fully justified unified defense production, Canada contended.

However, during the next six months, no headway was made in getting U.S. contracts or in finding buyers for the Arrow. Instead, the government became more solidly convinced that the jet fighter was obsolete and, in March, Prime Minister Diefenbaker announced that work on planes still under construction would be suspended. Avro promptly fired its entire staff, and the uproar in eastern Canada drove most other news out of the papers and off the air.

What concerned everybody, once the air cleared, was the future of Avro's skilled technicians. Canadian negotiators with Washington stepped up their pressure for contracts. Washington agreed to place orders in Canada for materials needed in Canada. But this was far from satisfactory, and as spring ap-

proached there were reports that the United States "Buy American" policy would be relaxed in important details, to take Canada's special position into account.

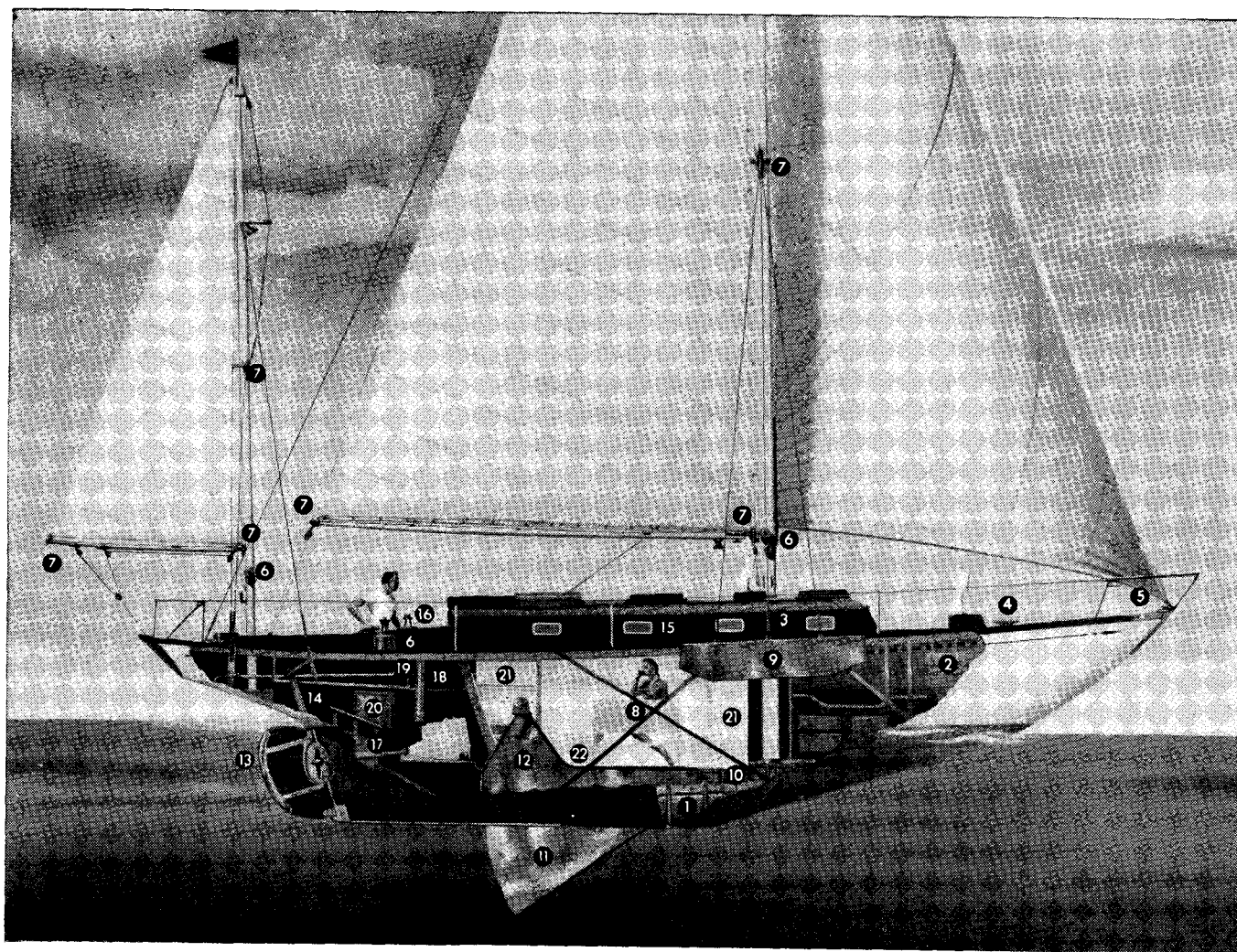
Diefenbaker was given credit for showing exemplary political courage in handling the Avro crisis. In face of the serious unemployment problem — half a million Canadians out of work at the time — it did take courage to blow the whistle on the Avro Arrow.

Diefenbaker, however, made his decision from a position of complete impregnability. Elected in March, 1958, in the greatest landslide in Canadian history, he counted no less than 209 supporters in a house of 265. So complete was his victory that he eliminated the Social Credit Party entirely, cut the socialist Cooperative Commonwealth Federation to a corporal's guard, and decimated the Liberals everywhere except in Quebec and Newfoundland. He does not have to stand for election again until 1963.

The farmers march on Ottawa

At the height of the Arrow crisis, western agrarian discontent exploded into a protest march on Ottawa. Canadian grain growers market their crops through the Canadian Wheat Board. The board sells the grain for the best price it can get, and after expenses are deducted, the farmers get what is left. Most of Canada's wheat must find its way into export markets, where it is sold in competition with wheat being given away by the United States. An irritant for some time, the American surplus disposal problem is now being handled with somewhat more regard for Canadian needs. However, farmers have long felt that while they had to take what they could get in world markets, they should demand a better price for the third of their crops that is consumed at home.

This has increased the agitation for deficiency payments from the government to compensate for alleged subsidies to Canadian consumers by Canadian farmers. During the last election campaign, this was a lively topic for argument on the prairies. Whether the Diefenbaker Conservatives actually promised deficiency payments is debatable. But the western farmers cer-



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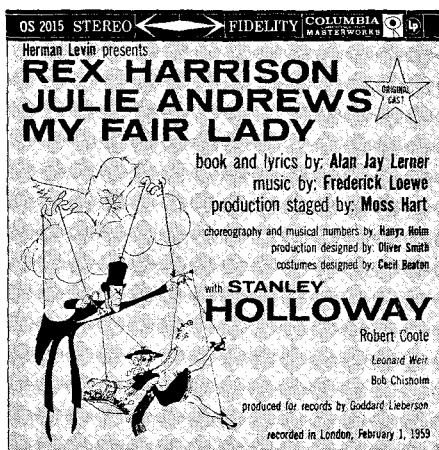
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Report on Canada



tainly thought they were being offered something like that. Every farm district between the Lakehead and the Rockies returned a Conservative to Ottawa.

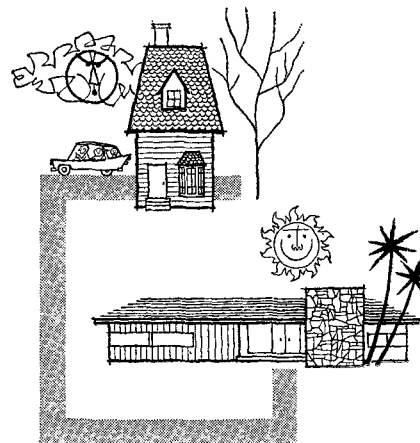
When no payments were forthcoming, the farm organizations united to form the biggest trek ever to travel to Ottawa. One thousand farmers from all over Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba chartered four special trains to take them to the capital to argue with the government. They were told bluntly that they would get no deficiency payments from the Conservative Administration.

Newfoundland and the Maritimes

As the farmers went home empty-handed, another storm blew up in Newfoundland. There Premier Joseph Smallwood, the last Liberal in office in Canada, stepped into a woodcutters' strike, decertified the International Woodworkers of America, and personally organized an independent union. When violence flared on an IWA picket line, and a Mountie was killed, Smallwood called for more Mounted Police reserves. While the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is a federal force, it acts as provincial police in eight provinces. The administration of justice is constitutionally a provincial matter in Canada, and the police are under provincial jurisdiction. In addition, control of the Mounties is covered by contract between the federal government and the provinces.

When Smallwood sent for more Mounties, the federal minister of justice, Hon. Davie Fulton, refused to send them. The superintendent of the force resigned in protest, and Premier Smallwood announced that he would sue the federal government.

Then, within a few days, Prime Minister Diefenbaker announced that special subsidies to Newfoundland, paid since the colony joined Canada as a tenth province in 1949, would end in 1962. Smallwood canceled plans to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the union and ordered a day of mourning with all



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public buildings in Newfoundland draped in black.

Though less flamboyant, the Maritimes too are becoming restive with lack of action to solve the coal problem and declining markets for steel. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia looked with jaundiced eye on grandiose plans being made to celebrate the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway. Will it, too, cut further into outlets for Maritime basic industries?

It was hoped, somehow, that the Springhill disaster of last October might focus national attention on the sickness of the mining industry. But despite special subsidies recently voted, the mines are largely idle, and in that idleness hope dies that the Conservatives can find a solution to the coal problem which eluded one Liberal administration after another.

Canada, a nonpower?

Regional economic crises, however, are things with which Canadians have long lived in peace. But there is no help from past experience in finding the way to a new and sensible defense policy. The foundation of Canadian thinking has been based upon the conviction that middle powers might save the great powers from destructive collisions. But as *Maclean's* magazine recently pointed out, the ICBM has changed the world from great powers, middle powers, and small powers to powers and no powers.

"To be a Power it is necessary to possess and control nuclear warheads and long-range missiles capable of landing them almost anywhere on earth. Canada possesses and controls neither. We are a non-Power and we would still be a non-Power if we owned a thousand Arrows and were about to own ten thousand Bomarcas. . . . Once the war begins we cannot count on having any more influence on its outcome than the State of Monaco."

The government at present does not accept this extreme view, yet there is no doubt that this state of mind will gradually extend its appeal in Canada. All of which adds point to the idea that if the United States wants to integrate its defense in the north, a completely new attitude toward cooperation with Canada is urgently required.



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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

My first boss

SIR:

This is to express appreciation of Ralph McGill's "My First Boss" in the February *Atlantic*. It celebrates a type of relationship that exists and has existed in the South, and that to my mind is one of our greatest regional resources.

We have been blessed in Tennessee with relatively good race relations, and I could weep with chagrin and exasperation over the shenanigans of some members of our legislature who take up the cudgel for segregation in terms that distress our best Negro citizens and give rein to the lowest element among the white people.

I rejoice in the leadership Mr. McGill has taken in the general field of fairness and sanity and am glad he has the ability to be so effectively articulate.

FLORENCE TEAGUE
Nashville, Tenn.

SIR:

"My First Boss": beautifully and simply written, touching, inspiring, and tear-producing.

With all the time spent fighting integration in Little Rock and elsewhere, several high schools could have been built and furnished in many parts of the nation which have the need but just don't have the money.

ROBERT L. GUIBORD
Minneapolis, Minn.

SIR:

Ralph McGill's "My First Boss" is deeply moving. There must be similar experiences in the memories of some who fight the most bitterly for what they often call "the South-

ern way of life." I hope many of them read it.

BETTE G. JOHNSON
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

"My First Boss" is an excellent illustration of how human beings can achieve personal understanding by looking further than skin-deep. If more bitter-end racists would examine their pasts as honestly as McGill has, racial fanaticism would soon disappear in the North as well as in the South.

WILLIAM C. CALLAHAN, JR., Editor
Michigan State News
East Lansing, Mich.

SIR:

I am grateful to Ralph McGill for his effort to liberate the people of Georgia from their mental slavery. It is only through the patient, persistent efforts of individuals like him that such liberation will come. I am glad that he has chosen to remain in Georgia to do what he can to help, and I know that his sincere effort will not be in vain. His work will go on, and someday he will see the results of it.

MRS. ETHEL L. SINEATH
Washington, D.C.

Rutherford's background

SIR:

It is with considerable interest that I read the article, "The Age of Rutherford," by C. P. Snow in the November, 1958, *Atlantic*. There is one item in that article which I should like to correct. I refer to the statement: "In fact, he came from the very poor: his father was an odd-job man in New Zealand."

The fact is that Lord Rutherford's father owned both a lumber mill and a flax mill, and at different times was engaged in milling flax in New Zealand and supplying railroad ties under contract to the New Zealand government. On his death in 1928 he left an estate of £12,000, just £7000 more than the estate left by his famous son. I rely for my information on a diary kept by my late father (who was Lord Rutherford's elder brother), dated 1885. At this time my father would have been about nineteen, and Lord Rutherford, his younger brother, about thirteen.

I am more particularly concerned, however, by a letter written by Lydia Davis and published in the *Atlantic Repartee* for January. This lady appears to have drawn heavily on her imagination, as there is little in her letter which bears even a faint resemblance to the facts.

Your correspondent in paragraph two of her letter says that Rutherford's father was "a shepherd, a widower, a Scots crofter," and that he lived "in a sod hut on the boundary line between the estates of John Hall and John Cordy." In fact, James Rutherford was not a widower. He died on May 23, 1928, and was survived by his wife, who died July 16, 1935.

In paragraph three, your correspondent refers to formal balls. It is quite apparent that she knows little or nothing of New Zealand in the days of which she is writing. The family was of sufficient means to send the four remaining sons (two having been drowned earlier) to Nelson College, which was a private secondary school.

With regard to paragraph four, I think I can rely on Professor A. S. Eve's book on Lord Rutherford, referring to my uncle's stay at Canterbury College: "Rutherford was a boyish, frank, simple and very likeable youth, with no precocious genius, but when once he saw his goal he went straight to the central point. He joined in the life of the place with zest, played for the Football Fifteen as a forward, and took a share in the debates of the Dialectical Society." During this period he was supported in part by my father and my grandfather.

Lydia Davis' information appears to be the exact opposite of what really was the situation.

Q. E. RUTHERFORD
Howick, New Zealand

The banks of the Rhine

SIR:

The very fine detail with which Joseph Wechsberg describes the Gasthof zum Adler in his "Inn on the Rhine" (March, 1959, *Atlantic*) would seem to justify the suspicion that Mr. Wechsberg has at one time or other enjoyed its hospitality. It is, therefore, very surprising to note that he implicitly places the Adler and Bad Godesberg on the right bank of the Rhine.

The position of towns located along a river — as being on the left or the right bank — is determined by looking in the direction of stream flow.

When I left Germany in 1958 after five years of study at the University of Bonn, the Rhine was flowing in a general northwesterly direction. Looking in this direction, Bad Godesberg and the Adler were on the left, and the water was on the right.

This error would seem flagrant were it not viewed in the light of the fine cuisine and excellent Rhine wines offered at the Adler. A good reason for confusion, Herr Wechsberg.

ELMER A. ROSAUER
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THE ATLANTIC



AMERICAN PLANES: *The Lessons of History*

BY GROVER LOENING

One of our foremost aircraft engineers, GROVER LOENING has been building airplanes since 1911. He was general manager of the Wright Company, Dayton, Ohio, 1913-1914; inventor of the strut-braced monoplane and Loening amphibian airplane; and was awarded the Distinguished Service Award in 1919 for the Loening two-seater fighting plane. He received the Collier Trophy in 1922 and the Wright Brothers Memorial Trophy in 1952. Mr. Loening speaks with authority and experience in this striking comparison of aircraft development here and in Europe.

TO ANYONE who has been identified with the aviation industry for as long as three decades, and to anyone who is willing to admit our mistakes, it will seem at times as if our progress in heavier-than-air aviation had been less audacious than that of our European competitors, and that despite our initiative we were constantly held back by our consideration for regulations and for models which were already obsolete.

Right under our noses, today, are wrong trends, unrealized, and right trends, unappreciated, because we don't think things through. The turbo-jet engine, for example, could have been built and used thirty years ago. And why was it not? Because at that time we were thinking in terms of 100-mile-per-hour aircraft, and any designer would have known that the fuel consumption was prohibitive. None of us realized then that the jet engine immediately meant 600 miles per hour. And so we missed it.

Another thing that kept us from going ahead faster was the belief that engines and air frames are separate entities. A review of aircraft design clearly shows how much time and cost were consumed in trying to fit existing engines into air frames that were never designed for each other.

The two are, after all, a unit, and — with the advent now of vertical flying — air-flow requirements around a wing from the jet engine gas generator source make the wing construction an intimate part of the power plant.

Some clear and not too pleasant lessons are to be learned from a reflective perusal of the more than half century in which we have developed our air travel. One is how often designers and constructors have failed to finish up what was started. As a result of discouraging initial troubles and "bugs" — often intensified by lack of foresight and interest on the part of the aircraft customers, military, industrial, and civilian — the continuity of effort required to achieve success petered out, and consequently highly desirable developments that had been started were abandoned, only to be revived years later.

Many a novel and significant idea or suggestion has lain on our doorstep for years, unappreciated. Let us look at a few examples:

Wing structure

In America, where flying was born, the biplane dominated our picture for almost twenty-five years, despite the obvious success of the mono-

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plane in France and the fundamental correctness of its aerodynamics.

The Junkers low-wing, cantilever stressed-skin, all-metal monoplane, after its development in Germany in 1920, was brought over to this country and promptly ignored. It was not until William Stout developed the Ford planes many years later that we moved seriously into the stressed-skin metal structure. Fokker, during the early twenties, also chose the cantilever stressed-skin, but used plywood covering (which could not take the weather).

Landing gears

In earlier years, landing gears started with skids, to which wheels were added; but the skids were left on, only to become the cause of many wrecks when they broke on hard landings. From the very beginning, wheels alone were, obviously, the correct solution. In Europe, Bleriot, and in America, Curtiss were unique in realizing this, and the practical three-wheel gear was constantly being demonstrated as successful and correct by the early Curtiss planes. But practically no one else saw this. Even Curtiss gave it up later.

It should have been obvious that retractable landing gears were desirable at the earliest date at which we reached a speed of 100 miles per hour, 1912. But not until the advent of the successful amphibian plane (which *had* to have its landing gear foldable) did we learn that retracting a landing gear and housing it were neither too complicated nor too heavy. Nevertheless, it was some six or eight years before retractable gears came into more general use.

Engine placement

On the early configurations in America, engines were to the side of, or behind, the aviator. The Wright design, translating twelve horsepower into effective enough thrust to fly eight hundred pounds, needed the two large geared-down propellers; in fact, this was one of the secrets of their success. But as more powerful engines came along, such as in the case of Curtiss' using his motorcycle engine, the gearing-down was not needed, but the engines were kept behind the pilot. It is curious that we should have done this in the United States, when in France the great early pioneers, Bleriot and others, from the start had tractor-type monoplanes, although Farman and Voisin also used pushers.

It was not until 1913 that America saw the Burgess tractor with Renault motor, the Glen Martin Model T, and the Curtiss N, which later became the ubiquitous JN-4 (the Curtiss Jenny). As far as the general industry is concerned, we waited four or five years before adopting the

tractor-type airplane, which was to become practically universal as a land plane, even when later developed into multimotor models.

Enclosed bodies

The advent of the fuselage with enclosed seating was stimulated, of course, by the use of the tractor engine. But it is remarkable to note that the obvious further streamlining and closing in of the fuselage lagged for a few years. Nieuport, in his revolutionary little monoplane of 1910, which swept the field in competitive performance, practically started this vogue. But the enclosure of the aviators themselves in a cabin was very slow in coming, and it was not really until some ten or fifteen years later that the majority of the aviators, including the military, discovered that they need not have their heads out in the open air in order to fly and permitted their prejudices against closed cabins to give way to the comforts that were immediately evident.

High-lift devices

Flaps and slots to slow down landing speeds, or rather to permit higher cruising speeds and heavier loads without too great a landing penalty, were a long time coming — much too long.

Handley-Page and Lachmann in Europe and Orville Wright in this country were researching these high-lift aids in the twenties. In fact, it is not generally known that Orville Wright in 1923 patented the split flap. By 1926, Handley-Page slots had been applied to the British Moth plane with great success. The first such Moth was imported to this country by me and flown widely in the East. Still, many airplanes were being built, developed, and accepted with no thought of high-lift devices. Others worked on this addition to wing structures, notably Harlan Fowler. Then, in 1929, the Guggenheim Competition was held, specifically designed to advance airplanes that could land in smaller fields over obstacles without sacrifice of useful high speed.

The winner of that competition was the Curtiss Tanager, a very intelligent design that made full use of the then existing high-lift devices. Did all aircraft, the year following, adopt split flaps, or Fowler flaps, or Handley-Page slots that had been so successfully demonstrated? They did not. There was the usual opposition, criticism, and delay for several years more before this highly desirable development in aircraft wing structure came to its now universal fruition.

Even recently we have had a rather surprising example of delay in acceptance: the Helio-Courier, developed in Boston by Koppen and Bollinger. A convincing demonstration of this STOL (steep take-off and landing) airplane, with

its correct use of slots and flaps for higher lift, was witnessed more than seven years ago, and despite the great need of our ground Army for a plane of this type, it is only recently that the Defense Department has become interested and ordered some.

Power plants

The Wrights designed their own engine for their own aircraft, and for its purpose, it was correct. In France, in the earlier days, most of the early power plants were derived from automobile or motorcycle sources. The first plane to fly in Europe, the Santos-Dumont, used a thirty-horsepower, two-cylinder Darracq motor. Before long — 1909 — the French developed the Gnome rotary air-cooled motor, which took over the field for several years in ever-increasing sizes and types and went into wide use in World War I.

In America we developed the Liberty motor, and in Germany also there was wide development of water-cooled automobile types of upright engines. For an automobile this type of engine with crankshaft low was correct, but it was entirely wrong for aircraft.

From the beginning it was highly desirable for the crankshaft to be high, so as to provide propeller tip clearance, to keep the center of gravity low, and to enable the pilot to see over the engine. But it was not until 1924 that we finally saw the light and inverted the dry-sump Liberty engine — in the configuration that it should have been in all along. Except for its successful use in the Loening amphibian, the change came almost too late, because the Liberty engine was shortly succeeded by the generally adopted radial air-cooled engine that developed from the pioneer work done by Charles Lawrance, the designer of Lindbergh's Wright Whirlwind engine.

Materials of construction

Materials of construction of aircraft have gone through many cycles. For several years after World War I and in spite of the Zeppelin duralumin development, aluminum was suspect as a structural material. The famous specification 100-A of the Navy prohibited the use of aluminum in any structural part of aircraft. This is a pertinent example of how too rigid specifications, based on what was good practice in previous years, can prevent future development.

Today we face a similar situation in prohibitions against Fiberglas or plastic stressed structures because it is so difficult, theoretically, to calculate and check the stressed condition. Yet plastics may well have as great a future in aircraft structures as dural stressed-skin *monocoques* and wing panels had thirty years ago. We hardly need

to recapitulate how metal took over from wood and replaced a material that just could not stand the weathering difficulties of day-in, day-out air operation compared to aluminum alloy, so long-lasting and reliable. New alloys — titanium and others — are also beckoning alluringly, like Fiberglas, for a chance to show their worth. Also "sandwich" materials are most promising. Will we still be slow to pick up the ball?

THE lesson one seems to gather from these and many other instances of long delays in acceptance is the unpleasant one that aviators' likes and dislikes were given too much weight, and hence discouraged the engineers from perfecting their developments. In retrospect, one finds that worthy developments were ignored or abandoned because they were politically unwise. Many a wing flutter that scared a test pilot condemned to utter oblivion an airplane that had structural or configuration features of great importance and advantage. Had the customer and the builder been patient or wise enough to work out such "bugs," success would have followed more quickly.

On the other side of the picture, many an airplane with little commercial or military value was used for years because the upholstery and the windshield were well worked out or because a lucky combination of slip stream and wing flow (totally unforeseen by the designer) gave unusually good control on landing, which pleased the pilot. Another personal prejudice revolved around ease of egress in case of accident.

As the years went on and there was a more scientific appraisal of new aircraft through test flying, other drags on development occurred, causing unnecessary time lags from the day of inception to the hardware-in-use stage. These delays were largely bureaucratic.

In 1926, the original Civil Aeronautics Act, reinforced by the later enactment of 1938, put the government into the position of passing judgment on the aircraft that the aviation industry wished to sell to the public and issuing certificates of airworthiness. We accepted this supervision unthinkingly, largely because of the supposed great risk that a gullible public would be subjected to by having offered to it all kinds of aircraft that would fall apart in the air.

And then the bureaucracy really got to work. The inspection and engineering staffs of the Civil Aeronautics organizations of the government had to grow with each page of more and more detailed specification that the law called for. But here is the fallacy: by necessity, such specifications must specify last year's aircraft, because the

writers of the specifications are not inventors or developers. Here is an example.

After World War II, in 1946, Robert Fulton designed and built in Connecticut an interesting new aircraft called the Airphibian, in which the body contained the engine. It was a perfectly operable small car from which the wings could be detached. Fulton never complained, but went through the Civil Aeronautics certification procedure. He was an expert designer and skillful builder. He would have had an immediate market from 1947 to 1950, but it was not until 1952 that he had managed finally to complete the Civil Aeronautics procedure. By the time he got his certificate, other developments in aviation had caused him to lose his market. The procedure had brought about practically no changes in the aircraft, but had changed many pages of Civil Aeronautics rules by waivers and allowances. Not all cases of CAA certification have been so bad as this, and recently there is much improvement — not in the law, but in the more liberal way the CAA and the FAA are interpreting their mandate.

Let us compare this experience with that of the automobile industry. The automobile in the hands of the public is fully as dangerous as aircraft, and yet there is no Washington government bureaucracy that requires each new model to have a "certificate of road-worthiness." To be sure, in the last fifty or sixty years, many automobiles have been discarded; some of them were badly built and dangerous, but the consumer quickly found this out, and the death blow to the company's product was so strongly disciplinary that the companies which survived did so only by the most careful designing and the most exacting test procedures of their own, before the public could even get a look at their product. The states do a simple job of checking every car for safe conditions, but no design certification is thought of.

This is as it should be, and here is a lesson from the past that we could apply almost at once to small aircraft for use as private vehicles. Of course, huge air transports carrying more than a hundred passengers are comparable to ships, and some government inspection and certification may be needed. In this certification and inspection area, should not the insurance companies take a much greater role — as Lloyd's does in shipping? Let us think hard about any system that will get us away from the cumbersome governmental one our laws now call for.

Another bureaucratic drag on progress is in the system involved in what the Air Force calls "the Requirements Division." Here we are supposed to have the official requirements for new aircraft. For purely military requirements, such as the need to carry a larger gun or a different

kind of bomb, this is fully justified. But it has unconsciously been extended by the Pentagon bureaucracy to cover too many broad features and types of aircraft. It is perfectly safe to say that, had the Junkers design been presented to a requirements division in 1920, the answer would have been: "We have no requirement for a low-wing stressed-skin all-metal aircraft."

Had an inventor appeared at the Requirements Division of the Air Force as recently as 1953 with an effective way to muffle the noise of aircraft power plants without sacrifice of performance, the bureaucratic system would have informed him: "There is no requirement for such a development." Intelligent and progressive officers sometimes alter these procedures on their own, and a new requirement is, in rare instances, created.

Russia seems to move more quickly in reaching the hardware-in-use stage after early inception. As nearly as we can ascertain, the Russians do not use our system. This situation we had better study. Instead of a Requirements Division, perhaps we had better have a Stimulation Division.

We are at a disadvantage, however, operating in our private enterprise system, because the expenditures of government have to be substantiated, audited, and interminably reviewed, even to this day's unwarrantedly punitive renegotiation nonsense.

LET us now look at today's aircraft operation for some further lessons and possibly to anticipate some future troubles.

Today all aircraft can be spun and recovered with safety; forty years ago, this was not the case. As a matter of fact, up to 1913, the "spinning nose dive" or the deadly "spiral dive from air pockets" was the disheartening cause of accident after accident. At Dayton, in 1913, we witnessed a vital moment in airplane operation. This was when Orville Wright, so discouraged by the accidents that were happening to his exhibition fliers and to a whole series of Army fliers (Hazelhurst, Love, Kelly, and others), was determined to test out what was happening.

Before long he himself came back from a test flight smiling instead of grim, because he had discovered what a "spin" is and how to get out of it: namely, by pushing forward on the controls; and why so many aviators had been killed: namely, by pulling back on the controls at the wrong time.

Now, forty-six years later, when we fly through the sound barrier, we discover a brief moment when controls are reversed. And today also we are somewhat plagued by "pitch-up" in the control of supersonic aircraft. Recently a jet airliner suddenly dived 29,000 feet. Are these manifesta-

tions of some new operational characteristic of swept-wing aircraft which may require controls other than those we have provided?

The operation of aircraft has become very complex, because of the constant addition of instruments. We have gone a long way from our first instruments — the string for sideslip, wire whistling for speed, and the railroad track for navigation! Are our present instruments the ones we should have? Has not the barometric altimeter caused us so many accidents that we should long ago have gone to something better? Our automatic pilots are all based on known flying procedures. What if the new types required some new controls of flying procedure, or crossed controls to prevent pitch-up or the swept-wing dive? It is exactly in such areas that we are much too complacent and ignore problems that should alert us more quickly to the utmost inquiry.

In 1917, Lawrence Sperry invented and demonstrated the turn-and-bank indicator. In 1934, the Army took on the airmail. Its planes did not have the turn-and-bank indicator as did the civilian planes. This one regrettable oversight was so serious in causing accidents that the cancellation of the Army's effort followed.

Noise

Noise abatement is now one of our most irritating problems, but we should know by now that abatement is not the answer to noise. The answer is to design a power plant with as much a fundamental limit on noise, in its original design, as there is today on its fuel consumption and weight. We can soundproof against internal noise rather well in a cabin, but external noise has made the airplane an undesirable neighbor, to the point that it has been ruled out in many places.

Airports

Literally billions of dollars are being spent on airports around the world. In too many instances, particularly in America, these are one-runway airports — in other words, one-track railroads. It is difficult to understand why this is so, when we stop to remember that whole squadrons of aircraft during the war (and even now) landed on reasonably wide runways within a few feet of each other at the same time, and similarly took off in formation. Why should not an airport have at least three runways in each direction, spaced possibly 300-feet on centers? It could then land aircraft three at the same time.

The hesitation on this is typical of our complacent thoughtlessness. There is no danger involved. Thousands of times a day the pilots of large transports land their planes accurately and within a few feet of the center line of runways.

Radio, of course, has helped tremendously to bring about the era of practical civilian flying, and it still can be counted on to give us the things we need: simple collision-avoiding, close-reading radar with one-mile radius, not two hundred miles; direct-reading radio altimeters; more and better lighting of airports and runways. And in regard to all these instruments and landing aids using electronics one must not overlook the fact that visual line-of-sight above the horizon does not work for a low-flying airplane or helicopter, flying behind hills or buildings.

The jet plane development

Jet planes are not being developed in the same way in America as they are in Europe in one particularly prominent characteristic: the location of the jet engine. The Douglas DC-8 and Convair 880 have followed the lead of the Boeing 707, which naturally followed the lead of the B-47 and the B-52. Unfortunately, these leads seem to derive from the old position of piston engines in nacelles mounted outboard on the wings. Here we have a typical illustration of a lesson not learned. For a jet engine this is clearly not a good location. Jet engines are very light, so that the structural saving of spreading the weight over the wing is much less than in the case of the piston engine. Also there is no propeller clearance requirement. But the engines are now located so low that they will ingest any loose material on the runway with great risk to the delicate turbine engine interiors.

The outboard engine is so low that a tire or wheel failure on one side would come near to breaking it up on the ground, followed possibly by fire from the gas tanks above it. The position of the engine under the wings makes the wing a perfect sounding board to disturb the neighbors below, and the inboard engine is so located that its noise cone hits the rear of the fuselage, the result being almost unbearable. The builders and operators are aware of these features and are doing all they can still to give us excellent safety.

But in Europe, most of the newer commercial designers completely separate themselves from all piston engine concepts by placing the jet engines where they belong: above the wing and to the rear, mounted to the fuselage and leaving the wing with perfect aerodynamic cleanness. Maintenance also is improved by this location. The vertical-take-off concepts mentioned below may soften the impact of this questionable American design. Let us hope they do.

The lift plane: VTOL

The biggest revolution in the coming design of useful aircraft will be in the advent of the direct-

lift airplane, sometimes awkwardly called VTOL (vertical take-off and landing).

After ten years of intensive research, resulting in several bookshelves full of excellent laboratory reports on how to make a fast airplane land vertically, it is only this year that we are beginning to show the needed interest and the beginnings of progress in this development. Boundary layer control is only one facet of this. Tilting wings, tilting jet engines, and other ways are being developed.

The helicopter does not quite fill the bill, simply because its speed is limited on account of the rotor configuration. Even if helicopters get up to a high cruising speed of 200 miles per hour, they will still at that time have to compete with fixed-wing aircraft of over twice that speed.

Now, throughout the history of aircraft development there is one lesson that stands out clearly, and that is that high speed is always the successful characteristic of any type of operation, even on the shortest ranges. Slow aircraft, no matter for what purposes, have never survived.

On the other hand, the airplane as we know it is a very deficient vehicle because it cannot slow down, hover, and back up, as every other vehicle can do. The penalty we pay for this characteristic — of having to keep going in order to keep up — is great. More skill is needed in operation. Prepared airports must be provided with pre-posterous runways of 10,000- and 15,000-foot length. As many as a hundred square miles of airspace must be reserved for each jet plane while it awaits its turn to land on the one-track-railway airport. All because jets cannot slow down below 180 miles per hour!

There are many objections to lift planes (VTOL) now being voiced. One is that the fuel consumption for vertical flying is utterly prohibitive. In the light of history, this belongs with the objections that were raised to monoplanes, to metal construction, and to slots and flaps.

A simple analysis will show quite quickly that while direct lift by jet will need three or four times the thrust of the existing jet engine configurations and will, therefore, use three times the fuel, the actual fuel used by the jet transport in taxiing out to the end of a long runway, waiting for clearance, making the long take-off run, then climbing to 1000 feet is, if anything, more than the direct-lift plane would use rising immediately from its pad at the loading ramp with all engines full-out to 1000 feet and then shutting off its lift engines.

Another argument in the same class as these old shibboleths concerns the additional weight involved in the extra jet engines for vertical thrust. Actually, vertical-lift capability means a much

lighter landing gear; in fact, it might almost revert fifty-seven years back to the Wright skids, to an aircraft with practically no landing gear at all (just little rollers to push around the ramp), so that the weight of the extra jet engines that are needed for the vertical operation could be compensated for and would represent no more of a burden to the aircraft than did the landing gear itself. Originally, this represented 6 to 10 per cent of the empty weight of the aircraft, used only for a short while on landing and take-off and carried neatly folded in precious room in the body for thousands of miles in which it was utterly useless. Whereas the extra jet engines could, in a pinch, be used if the other power plants failed, or for quicker climb.

And with the ability to rise vertically and fly fast, the lift plane in smaller sizes (if not too noisy) would at last penetrate the open and fertile field of private vehicle aircraft — which has hardly even been touched, although we already lead the world in this field.

Immediately when we contemplate many different designs of aircraft for vertical lift and high speed, we find that the gas generator (the jet engine power plant) will most likely become an intimate part of the wing.

In 1926, Henry Ford visited an aircraft show in Detroit. As he was leaving, he turned and looked over the planes and said, with his usual finality and quickness: "Let me tell you, these things will never amount to anything until they use their power to land with." History will show that he was right.

The growth of air transport in the United States from nothing in 1920 to 24 billion passenger miles in 1958 is merely a beginning. We will shortly progress into supersonic flying, all over the world. Craft which will go to Europe in an hour and around the world in eight hours are on the drafting board. But there is much left to do to perfect our utilization of the air ocean in which we live. Tolerable noise, vibration, and acceleration must accompany supersonic flight. And greater safety!

We are becoming aware that speed is the *raison d'être* of flying, particularly in air transportation of passengers. Have we learned that the greatest comfort of all to a passenger is the notice that he has arrived? A supercomfortable seat does not balance a tediously slow aircraft.

Also one last thought, almost in metaphysics. History seems to show that anything man can clearly imagine eventually materializes into reality. In our travels and in the movements of ourselves and our goods, we are about to obsolete the wheel, just as the wheel and axle invention obsoleted the skid, some ten thousand years ago.

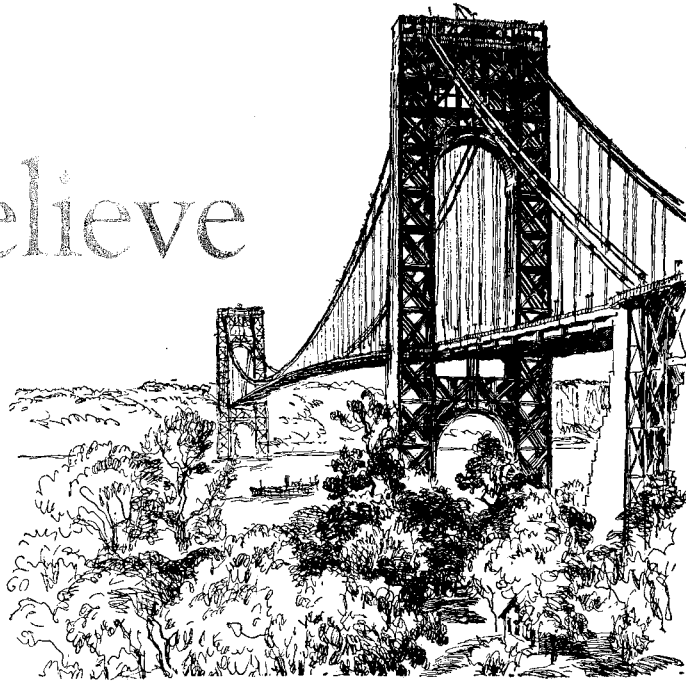
What I Believe

BY

JAMES A. FARLEY

A lifelong Democrat who was born at Grassy Point, New York, seventy-one years ago, JAMES A. FARLEY received his first appointment under Governor Alfred E. Smith as port warden of New York in 1918. He

served as chairman of the Democratic National Committee from 1932 to 1940, and he bore the heaviest political responsibility in the advent and development of the New Deal. He mastered the complexity of party organization with a direct, man-to-man approach. In this article he tells how he went about it.



I was born at Grassy Point, New York, on the west bank of the Hudson. My parents were of Irish descent and profoundly religious. I inherited from both a strong physique, a good home and, I hope, some sense of humor. While I was still a very young boy, my father died as the result of a kick from a horse. But the benediction of his affection and the example of his personal honor had already descended to his children. My mother never faltered as the full burden of responsibility fell upon her young shoulders. She taught us that working was part of living and both were the gift of God. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" was not God's punishment to Adam but the first step to man's salvation, at least as taught in the Farley household.

Of course, we didn't have much choice, but under my mother's leadership we spent no time or energy lamenting the lack of it. At that time, the principal way to improve your affairs was by improving yourself. Some expensive psychological excuses have been developed in the latter decades, but I am old-fashioned enough to think that the most reasonable of excuses are not substitutes for Ben Franklin's yardstick of actual performance.

I early became interested in politics. Grassy Point was a misnomer, politically; it was the one

thing neither party allowed to grow under its feet. This was particularly true of a Democrat in Rockland County. Grassy Point is a community in the town of Stony Point, up which Mad Anthony Wayne was carried on a litter to victory. All of his sentries together couldn't have marched as many miles as I did, door to door, in the forlorn cause of the Stony Point Democrats. And General Wayne couldn't possibly have felt a fuller flush of victory than I when I was elected town clerk. This face-to-face personal contact I believe to be the heart and core of the American system. There is no substitute for it. In the week prior to the 1936 election I mailed more than eight thousand letters to every county chairman, vice chairman, city chairman, state chairman, and the members of the Democratic National Committee. In a few weeks following the election I sent more than twenty-six thousand letters of congratulation and thanks to the successful Democratic candidates for county, city, state, legislative, congressional, and senatorial offices. I knew the contents of the letters, which I signed myself because many were going to men and women whom I knew intimately and who were active in the Democratic Party and instrumental in its great victories. I signed all the letters "Jim" because I realized that the per-

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sonal touch would be helpful and, incidentally, save time instead of signing my full name. At any rate, no one had to instruct me on the importance of the postal system when I became postmaster general.

ON THE east bank of the Hudson, some time before the loss of my father, another young boy, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, had lost his father. We were to be joined by the flow of events, far more than by the river which flowed past our doors. Oddly, we were to separate eventually, (against a third term) into which his grandfather had been born and into which my grandfather had come as an immigrant.

So much has been written about the split between F.D.R. and myself that our long years of close cooperation are often overlooked. Actually, when Mr. Roosevelt took office to handle the crisis of 1933, the Jeffersonian concept of complete unity of legislative and executive departments through a party responsible to the people was the *modus operandi*. The President delegated the passage of legislation to me as chairman of the Democratic National Committee. It is interesting to note, as Speaker Rayburn has pointed out, that of the hundred and more major acts passed at that time, not one has been repealed and by far the overwhelming majority have been accepted by both parties as basic legislation.

But here and now, I should like to identify the philosophy, as I saw it, behind that social legislation. On March 4, 1933, when Mr. Roosevelt took his oath of office, there were serious flaws in our national patterns, moral as well as economic. By moral, I mean that a vast preponderance of the American people over the age of sixty were dependent upon relatives for support. Also, millions of children who should have been at school were working. Collective bargaining was a theoretical illusion. Company towns and company stores were a polite expression for economic serfdom. We eliminated these sinkholes. But it seems to me that the philosophy underlying these programs has been badly twisted out of its original meaning and intent. More particularly, to build a floor over a community of quicksand is quite different from putting a ceiling over the productive and creative elements of the individual. It is one thing to put in a minimum wage level, it is quite another to put a ceiling on personal incentives, which our present hodgepodge tax system does.

At cradle and for some time after, and at graveside and for some time before, a human being often needs assistance. People occasionally need crutches, too, but these aids are only a substitute for the moment when the person can stand on his

own two feet. Accordingly, to see purely *remedial measures* transformed into a cradle-to-grave philosophy under the so-called "security programs of welfare states" is, in my opinion, as silly as to argue that crutches were invented as substitutes for legs. Welfare states develop a wheel-chair philosophy in able-bodied people, and I am against both. It seems to me it is American to hate dependence of any kind. The Indians no longer accept the idea of the Great White Father at Washington; indeed, they now have good reason to know there never was one. Idols, including welfare states, notoriously have feet of clay. The best insurance against the clay feet of idols is to stand on your own.

Ironically enough, because I have favored — and favor — every bit of progressive legislation to distribute risk, the conservatives regard me as a liberal. And because I insist that the distribution of common risk can never be a substitute for individual effort, the liberals regard me as a conservative.

A great deal has been written about the personal teamwork of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and myself, much of it inaccurate. I know the warm comradeship which existed between us, and he was as close a friend of mine as I was of his. We fought together in his first two presidential campaigns. During those first two terms we worked side by side, and there was never a question of either, as a man, being below or above the other.

But when our paths separated in 1940, our different backgrounds were contrasted in reams and reams of copy. Those who had no insight into the facts offered the erroneous explanation that a great social gulf had always existed between us. I practically had to repel the continued suggestion that I was the injured underdog, a barefoot boy done wrong by an unfeeling Grotonian. What particularly irked me were the background articles emphasizing my quote humble unquote beginnings. I am an *American of Irish descent*. I have known many people of Irish descent. Fat, thin, tall, short — loquacious, taciturn, ebullient, and morose — but never in my life have I met a "humble" one. It just doesn't run in the strain. The fact is that I have met few men of Irish descent who were not their own figurative secretaries of state. Whatever else they may lack, it isn't opinions or the willingness to fight for them. As to authenticity as Americans, while the *Mayflower* passenger list will be combed in vain for their names, sixteen Kellys, seventeen Murphys, and hundreds of others of old sod ancestry have won the Congressional Medal of Honor — enough to assure even the unfairminded that the credentials of Americans of Irish descent are in order.

And, frankly, I resented the inference that those whose fathers' homes happened to be more prop-

ertied than my mother's were more endowed than I. As to material advantages, the same three R's were taught at Grassy Point as at Groton and St. Marks. There is no royal road to learning, whether your seat is in the family kitchen or in an endowed library. It is the individual himself who counts. A youth who isn't willing to make an effort via the commuters' train to New York isn't very likely to make much more of an effort in the marble halls of a great university. As Mr. Lincoln demonstrated, if a person has the will to improve himself, the back of a slate will serve as a writing pad. In any event, I want to make it clear, if only for the future thinking of my grandchildren, that while my mother couldn't afford my tuition to college, I wouldn't exchange her teaching for the biggest financial endowment in the country.

ACTUALLY, it seems to me that it is as hard for a boy to survive his advantages as it is his adversities. I often thought when I was chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission that having an important family name is somewhat like being a champion fighter. That is, all a title can do is get a man into the ring. But when the gong sounds, the title doesn't fight — the man must win by himself. Rich or poor, the test of a champion is his heart, his ability to get up off the floor and go on to win. To become governor of New York, Al Smith of Fulton Fish Market and Nelson Rockefeller of Pocantico Hills had to fight the same fight in the same ring; and in the great American tradition of fair play the people of New York judged each on the size of his fighting heart, not on his banking account.

Human beings, like political parties, have basic platforms. I consider myself an indomitable, and careful, optimist. As a human being, I think this is my fundamental approach; only an egomaniac could be a cynic about mankind, particularly in the twentieth century. Every jet in the sky, every miracle drug, every electronic device testifies to the miraculous progress of the race as a whole. On the other hand, no intelligent man can be other than a skeptic. This is nothing more than saying that for every experiment which produces a magnificent discovery a thousand fail. The courage of one's convictions is noble; uncoupled with the vigor of one's doubts, however, it is static and hence frequently fruitless.

For example, the great sweep of a suspension bridge across a bay is a majestic sight. To most people it appears as almost a symbol of effortless grace and character. But it seems fair to suppose that a bridge engineer sees far more than the beauty which meets the eyes of the layman, and

additional beauty not on its apparent strength but on its nonapparent resiliencies, its flexibilities, and its expansions, without which its arches would crash. Built rigidly for either the summer's heat or the winter's cold, and without regard to the wind, its great towers would topple.

So it seems to me is a nation, any nation, a suspension bridge, whose rigidity and flexibilities must be and are in a constant state of balance and rebalance, though not readily apparent to the naked eye.

Now, to carry the bridge analogy further, what makes the American republic the most beautiful political structure in the history of man is not only the lofty intellectual towers erected by the founding fathers but the magnificently ingenious built-in devices of flexibility by which each succeeding generation could bring its own faculties to bear on its own problems. The beauty of the American republic is that the past provided for the future by permitting the present to take care of itself. It is argued that it is not businesslike. It wasn't intended to be. Constitutional friction was designed to provide the continuing sparks of liberty.

Naturally, this concept can scarcely be described as a tenet of the Republican Party or for that matter a guiding concept of the Democratic Party, but it most certainly is the reason why James A. Farley consistently urged the value of the two-party system. Of this, a few scholars who have taken the trouble to read my papers are thoroughly aware, although that great American President and my close friend, F.D.R., was not among them. Fundamentally, it was upon this concept that we parted. As I see it, the conservative needs the pressure of the liberal to expand, and the liberal needs the pressure of the conservative to keep from shattering by explosion. The reciprocal pressure of each upon the other is needed by a healthy state, the liberal to provide the yeast of growth and the conservative to ensure the continuity of form. Great oaks from little acorns grow; between the liberal demanding a full-grown tree and the conservative reluctantly yielding each new advance, continued form and reasonable predictability are part of a wholesome growth.

Since I believe that such ordered growth of the nation does not depend on one party, I obviously still less would subscribe to the thesis that it depends upon any one man, and it was on this basis that I resisted the third term of F.D.R. Even more particularly, I refused to bolt the party when I failed. I thought, and I think, that the two-party system is more important to the effective expression of the American people than F.D.R. and certainly James A. Farley.

Accordingly, I view with satisfaction the Twenty-second Amendment, which prohibits a third

term, on the premise of reciprocal action which I have set forth. Furthermore, I reject the hypothesis that the whole equilibrium and hence continuity of the American state should be predicated on the heartbeat of any one mortal man. It is the fundamental character of the American people from which is derived the mightiness of the American state. The American people will be out of character, and the American state will be out of balance, if the tragic day ever comes when they accept the belief that their character is derived from the mightiness of their state and, even worse, any single man who runs it.

Any declaration of principle on the body politic ought to be accompanied by some definition of terms. What, then, is the American democracy? To me, it is the guarantee of an equal chance to every citizen. But an equal chance is a long, long way from enforced equality; indeed, it is quite the opposite. I conceive of our democracy as an equilibrium of human beings, not an equality of mass distribution. Thus I think of our democracy as a system by which a person rises or falls according to his own worth, talents, and industry. If this definition is accepted, it follows that the American democracy is the only system which allows for the bloodless rise of an aristocracy based upon effective functioning.

It seems to me that to say that the twentieth century is the era of the common man merely points to the great benefits derived from the common heritage of broadening culture. For example, an ordinary citizen can buy at a corner drugstore, for a very small sum, a magic drug for which Louis XIV would have given half of France. But the fact that this is the so-called century of the common man does not mean that being average should be held forth as an ideal to our youth. This term, "century of the common man," marks the debt of us average human beings to the very uncommon men whose genius makes this modern world possible. By any standard, Edison, Marconi, Pasteur, Burbank, and Salk were more gifted than us ordinary mortals, and certainly we all enjoy the fruits of their genius. Accordingly, it will be a sad day for our country if the only ideal before our youth is to be an ordinary man in the century of the common man. Our youth should have before it the ideas of deepening its talents, in order to excel and to compete, with the bright possibility that devotion and perseverance may result in a contribution to the general culture to which we are all so deeply indebted. In simple terms, what man could weave his own suit or construct his own electric light? Yet all these things are at an American's elbow. These conveniences, boons, and unearned rewards are so much a part of our daily lives that while I concur in our national

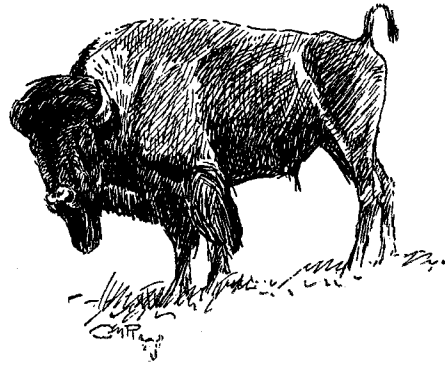
motto, "In God We Trust," it seems to me that each individual citizen's daily prayer should be "Forgive me, O Lord, for taking so much for granted."

It follows that I deplore the entrance into our language, particularly for the young, of the word "security." In the first place, if this means a safe-conduct pass through life, there is no such thing; and, in the second, if there is, it is alien to the American spirit. There was precious little security for the signers of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776, and what little there was was thrown to the winds when John Hancock picked up his pen. General George Washington forsook the material security of Mount Vernon for the chance bullets of Bunker Hill and the snows of Valley Forge. In the nineteenth century, no Americans looked for safety on the decks of the *Constitution*, nor were the prairie schooners breaking out in the new frontier safe fortresses of comfort for the magnificent men and women who made the West. It is time that the grand old colonial adage, "Beaten paths are for beaten men," be dusted off and placed before American youths. The fact is, the greater the responsibility and duty the less the security. After all, every man in a battle fleet knows exactly what he must do except the Admiral who must give the command. To him comes the agony of responsibility in constantly reviewing the calculated risks. Chance — and therefore insecurity — is the heavy price of command. Chance means challenge. A person who refuses the challenge of life has died without ever living.

Politics to me is the supreme challenge of American life. Some men find full expression as professional engineers; I find full expression in affairs of state. I recognize that "politics" is an unpopular word. However, I consider the science of government at least as useful and honorable as, and in most respects more difficult than, any other calling. Certainly a profession which numbers among its practitioners Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Cleveland, F.D.R., Churchill, and Adenauer has little for which to apologize.

I regard politics as among the highest and most useful callings open to American youth. It is my further opinion that there is no line of endeavor more mobile, and by this I mean none in which merit rises so quickly to its proper recognition. I believe that in the long run, counting all factors and even hard luck, the better man will win.

From this, I hope it appears that however much people may disagree with me, neither friend nor foe need guess where I stand. To my own satisfaction, at least, I have never stood in the middle of the road, as a result of which I have never been very far from the middle of the fight.



THE LAST RUNNING

BY JOHN GRAVES

A free-lance writer and part-time teacher, JOHN GRAVES served in the Marine Corps during World War II and taught at the University of Texas before he decided to make a career of his writing. For several years he lived in New York and in Spain, and since his return to his native Texas he has been doing a good bit of digging into the local history. The following story is one of the first fruits of these efforts.

THEY called him Pajarito, in literal trader-Spanish interpretation of his surname, or more often Tom Tejano, since he had been there in those early fighting days before the Texans had flooded up onto the plains in such numbers that it became no longer practical to hate them with specificity.

After the first interview, when he had climbed down from the bed where an aching liver held him and had gone out onto the porch to salute them, only to curse in outrage and clump back into the house when he heard what they wanted, the nine of them sat like grackles about the broad gray-painted steps and talked, in Comanche, about Tom Texan the Little Bird and the antique times before wire fences had partitioned the prairies. At least, old Juan the cook said that was what they were talking about.

Mostly it was the old men who talked, three of them, one so decrepit that he had had to make the trip from Oklahoma in a lopsided carryall drawn by a piebald mare, with an odd long bundle sticking out the back, the rest riding alongside on ponies. Of the other six, two were middle-aged and four were young.

Their clothes ran a disastrous gamut from buckskin to faded calico and blue serge, but under dirty Stetsons they wore their hair long and braided, plains style. Waiting, sucking Durham cigarettes and speaking Comanche, they sat about the steps and under the cottonwoods in the yard

and ignored those of us who drifted near to watch them, except the one or two whom they considered to have a right to their attention. Twice a day for two days they built fires and broiled unsymmetrical chunks of the fat calf which, from his bed, furiously, Tom Bird had ordered killed for them. At night — it was early autumn — they rolled up in blankets about the old carryall and slept on the ground.

"They show any signs of leaving?" Tom Bird asked me when I went into his room toward evening of the second day.

I said, "No, sir. They told Juan they thought you could spare one easily enough, since all of them and the land too used to be theirs."

"They didn't used to be nobody's!" he shouted.

"They've eaten half that animal since they got here," I said. "I never saw anybody that could eat meat like that, and nothing but meat."

"No, nor ever saw anything else worth seeing," he said, his somber gray eyes brooding. He was one of the real ones, and none of them are left now. That was in the twenties; he was my great-uncle, and he had left Mississippi in disgust at sixteen to work his way out on the high plains to the brawling acquisitive Texas frontier. At the age of eighty-five he possessed — more or less by accident, since cattle rather than land had always meant wealth to him — a medium-large ranch in the canyon country where the Cap Rock falls

Drawing by Charles M. Russell, from THE CHARLES M. RUSSELL BOOK, Doubleday.

away to rolling prairies, south of the Texas Panhandle. He had buried two wives and had had no children and lived there surrounded by people who worked for him. When I had showed up there, three years before the Comanches' visit, he had merely grunted at me on the porch, staring sharply at my frail physique, and had gone right on arguing with his manager about rock salt in the pastures. But a month later, maybe when he decided I was going to pick up weight and live, we had abruptly become friends. He was given to quick gruff judgments and to painful retractions.

He said in his room that afternoon, "God damn it. I'll see them in hell before they get one, deeper than you can drop an anvil."

"You want me to tell them that?"

"Hell, yes," he said. "No. Listen, have you talked any with that old one? Starlight, they call him."

I said that neither Starlight nor the others had even glanced at any of us.

Tom Bird said, "You tell him you're kin to me. He knows a lot, that one."

"What do you want me to say about the buffalo?"

"Nothing," he said and narrowed his eyes as a jab of pain shot through him from that rebellious organ which was speaking loudly now of long-gone years of drinking at plains mudholes and Kansas saloons. He grunted. "Not a damn thing," he said. "I already told them."

Starlight paid no attention at all when I first spoke to him. I had picked up a poor grade of Spanish from old Juan in three years but was timid about using it, and to my English he showed a weathered and not even disdainful profile.

I stated my kinship to Tom Bird and said that Tom Bird had told me to speak to him.

Starlight stared at the fourteen pampered bison grazing in their double-fenced pasture near the house, where my great-uncle could watch them from his chair in the evenings. He had bred them from seed stock given him in the nineties by Charles Goodnight, and the only time one of them had ever been killed and eaten was when the governor of the state and a historical society had driven out to give the old man some sort of citation. When the Comanches under Starlight had arrived, they had walked down to the pasture fence and had looked at the buffalo for perhaps two hours, hardly speaking, studying the cows and the one calf and the emasculated males and the two bulls — old Shakespeare, who had killed a horse once and had put innumerable men up mesquite trees and over fences, and his lecherous though rarely productive son, John Milton.

Then they had said, matter-of-factly, that they wanted one of the animals.

Starlight's old-man smell was mixed with something wild, perhaps wood smoke. His braids were a soiled white. One of the young men glanced at me after I had spoken and said something to him in Comanche. Turning then, the old Indian looked at me down his swollen nose. His face was hexagonal and broad, but sunken where teeth were gone. He spoke.

The young man said in English with an exact accent, "He wants to know what's wrong with old Tom Bird, not to talk to friends."

All of them were watching me, the young ones with more affability than the others. I said Tom Bird was sick in the liver and patted my own.

Starlight said in Spanish, "Is he dying?"

I answered in Spanish that I didn't think so but that it was painful.

He snorted much like Tom Bird himself and turned to look again at the buffalo in the pasture. The conversation appeared to have ended, but not knowing how to leave I sat there on the top step beside the old Comanche, the rest of them ranged below us and eying me with what I felt to be humor. I took out cigarettes and offered them to the young man, who accepted the package and passed it along, and when it got back to me it was nearly empty. I got the impression that this gave them amusement, too, though no one had smiled. We all sat blowing smoke into the crisp evening air.

Then, it seemed, some ritual biding time had passed. Old Starlight began to talk again. He gazed at the buffalo in the pasture under the fading light and spoke steadily in bad Spanish with occasional phrases of worse English. The young Indian who had translated for me in the beginning lit a small stick fire below the steps. From time to time one of the other old men would obtrude a question or a correction, and they would drop into the angry Comanche gutturals, and the young man, whose name was John Oak Tree, would tell me what they were saying.

The story went on for an hour or so; when Starlight stopped talking they trooped down to the carryall and got their blankets and rolled up in them on the ground. In the morning I let my work in the ranch office wait and sat down again with the Comanches on the steps, and Starlight talked again. The talk was for me, since I was Tom Bird's kinsman. Starlight did not tell the story as I tell it here. Parts I had to fill in later in conversation with Tom Bird, or even from books. But this was the story.

WITHOUT knowing his exact age, he knew that he was younger than Tom Bird, about the age of

dead Quanah Parker, under whom he had more than once fought. He had come to warrior's age during the big fight the white men had had among themselves over the black men. Born a Penateka or Honey Eater while the subtribal divisions still had meaning, he remembered the surly exodus from the Brazos reservation to Oklahoma in 1859, the expulsion by law of the Comanches from all of Texas.

But white laws had not meant much for another ten years or so. It was a time of blood and confusion, a good time to be a Comanche and fight the most lost of all causes. The whites at the Oklahoma agencies were Northern and not only tolerated but sometimes egged on and armed the parties striking down across the Red, with the full moon, at the line of settlements established by the abominated and tenacious Texans. In those days, Starlight said, Comanches held Texans to be another breed of white men, and even after they were told that peace had smiled again among whites, they did not consider this to apply to that race which had swarmed over the best of their grass and timber.

In the beginning, the raids had ritual formality and purpose; an individual party would go south either to make war, or to steal horses, or to drive off cattle for trading to the New Mexican *comancheros* at plains rendezvous, or maybe just reminiscently to run deer and buffalo over the old grounds. But the distinctions dimmed. In conservative old age Starlight believed that the Comanches' ultimate destruction was rooted in the loss of the old disciplines. That and smallpox and syphilis and whiskey. And Mackenzie's soldiers. All those things ran in an apocalyptic pack, like wolves in winter.

They had gone horse raiding down into the Brazos country, a dozen of them, all young and all good riders and fighters. They captured thirty horses here and there in the perfect stealth that pride demanded, without clashes, and were headed back north up the Keechi Valley near Palo Pinto when a Texan with a yellow beard caught them in his corral at dawn and killed two of them with a shotgun. They shot the Texan with arrows; Starlight himself peeled off the yellow scalp. Then, with a casualness bred of long cruelty on both sides, they killed his wife and two children in the log house. She did not scream as white women were said to do, but until a hatchet cleaved her skull kept shouting, "Git out! Git, git, git."

And collecting five more horses there, they continued the trek toward the Territory, driving at night and resting at known secret spots during the days.

The leader was a son of old Iron Shirt, Pohebits Quasho, bullet-dead on the Canadian despite his

Spanish coat of mail handed down from the old haughty days. Iron Shirt's son said that it was bad to have killed the woman and the children, but Starlight, who with others laughed at him, believed even afterward that it would have been the same if they had let the woman live.

What was certain was that the Texans followed, a big party with men among them who could cut trail as cleanly as Indians. They followed quietly, riding hard and resting little, and on the third evening, when the Comanches were gathering their herd and readying themselves to leave a broad enclosed creek valley where they had spent the day, their sentry on a hill yelled and was dead, and the lean horsemen with the wide hats were pouring down the hillside shouting the long shout that belonged to them.

When it happened, Starlight was riding near the upper end of the valley with the leader. The only weapons with them were their knives and Starlight's lance, with whose butt he had been poking the rumps of the restive stolen horses as they hazed them toward camp below. As they watched, the twenty or more Texans overrode the camp, and in the shooting and confusion the two Comanches heard the end of their five companions who had been there afoot.

"I knew this," the leader said.

"You knew it," Starlight answered him bitterly. "You should have been the sentry, Know-much."

Of the other two horse gatherers, who had been working the lower valley, they could see nothing, but a group of the Texans rode away from the camp in that direction, yelling and firing. Then others broke toward Starlight and the leader a half mile above.

"We can run around them to the plain below," the son of Iron Shirt said. "Up this creek is bad."

Starlight did not know the country up the creek, but he knew what he felt, and feeling for a Comanche was conviction. He turned his pony upstream and spurred it.

"Ragh!" he called to the leader in farewell. "You're dirty luck!" And he was right, for he never saw the son of Iron Shirt again. Or the other two horse gatherers either.

But the son of Iron Shirt had been right, too, because ten minutes later Starlight was forcing his pony among big fallen boulders in a root tangle of small steep canyons, each of which carried a trickle to the stream below. There was no way even to lead a horse up their walls; he had the feeling that any one of them would bring him to a blind place.

Behind him shod hoofs rang; he whipped the pony on, but a big Texan on a bay horse swept fast around a turn in the canyon, jumping the boulders, and with a long lucky shot from a pistol broke Starlight's pony's leg. The Comanche fell

with the pony but lit cat-bouncing and turned, and as the Texan came down waited crouched with the lance. The Texan had one of the pistols that shot six times, rare then in that country. Bearing down, he fired three times, missing each shot, and then when it was the moment Starlight feinted forward and watched the Texan lurch aside from the long bright blade, and while he was off balance, Starlight drove it into the Texan's belly until it came out the back. The blade snapped as the big man's weight came onto it, falling.

Starlight sought the pistol for a moment but not finding it ran to the canyon wall and began climbing. He was halfway up the fifty feet of its crumbling face when the other Texan rode around the turn and stopped, and from his unquiet horse, too hastily, fired a rifle shot that blew Starlight's left eye full of powdered sandstone.

He was among swallows' nests. Their molded mud crunched under his hands; the birds flew in long loops, chattering about his head. Climbing, he felt the Texan's absorbed reloading behind and below him as the horse moved closer, and when he knew with certainty that it was time, looked around to see the long caplock rifle rising again.

The bullet smashed through his upper left arm, and he hung only by his right, but with the long wiry strength of trick horsemanship he swung himself up and onto the overhanging turf of the cliff's top. A round rock the size of a buffalo's head lay there. Almost without pausing he tugged it loose from the earth and rolled it back over the cliff. It came close. The Texan grabbed the saddle as his horse reared, and dropped his rifle. They looked at each other. Clutching a blood-greasy, hanging arm, the Comanche stared down at a big nose and a pair of angry gray eyes, and the young Texan stared back.

Wheeling, Starlight set off trotting across the hills. That night before hiding himself he climbed a low tree and quavered for hours like a screech owl, but no one answered. A month later, an infected skeleton, he walked into the Penateka encampment at Fort Sill, the only one of twelve to return.

That had been his first meeting with Tom Bird.

WHEN telling of the fights, Starlight stood up and gestured in proud physical representation of what he and others had done. He did not give it as a story with a point; it was the recountal of his acquaintance with a man. In the bug-flecked light of a bulb above the house's screen door the old Indian should have looked absurd — hipshot, ugly, in a greasy black hat and a greasy dark suit

with a gold chain across its vest, the dirty braids flying as he creaked through the motions of long-unmeaningful violence.

But I did not feel like smiling. I looked at the younger Indians expecting perhaps to find amusement among them, or boredom, or cynicism. It was not there. They were listening, most of them probably not even understanding the Spanish but knowing the stories, to an ancient man who belonged to a time when their race had been literally terrible.

In the morning Starlight told of the second time. It had been after the end of the white men's war; he was a war chief with bull horns on his head. Thirty well-armed warriors rode behind him when he stopped a trail herd in the Territory for tribute. Although the cowmen were only eight, their leader, a man with a black mustache, said that four whoa-haws were too many. He would give maybe two.

"Four," Starlight said. "Texan."

It was an arraignment, and the white man heard it as such. Looking at the thirty Comanches, he said that he and his people were not Texans but Kansas men who were returning home with bought cattle.

"Four whoa-haws," Starlight said.

The white man made a sullen sign with his hand and spoke to his men, who went to cut out the steers. Starlight watched jealously to make certain they were not culls, and when three of his young men had them and were driving them away, he rode up face to face with the white leader, unfooled even though the mustache was new.

"Tejano," he said. "Stink sonabitch." And reached over and twisted Tom Bird's big nose, hard, enjoying the rage barely held in the gray eyes. He patted his scarred left biceps and saw that the white man knew him, too, and reached over to twist the nose again, Tom Bird too prudent to stop him and too proud to duck his head aside.

"Tobacco, Texan," Starlight said.

Close to snarling, Tom Bird took out a plug. After sampling and examining it and picking a bit of lint from its surface, Starlight tucked it into his waistband. Then he turned his horse and, followed by his thirty warriors, rode away.

In those days revenge had still existed.

He had been, too, with Quanah Parker when that half-white chief had made a separate peace with Tom Bird — Tom Tejano the Pajarito now, looming big on the high plains — as with a government, on the old Bird range up along the Canadian. There had been nearly two hundred with Quanah on a hunt in prohibited territory, and they found few buffalo and many cattle. After the peace with Tom Bird they had not eaten any more wing-branded beef, except later when the

Oklahoma agency bought Bird steers to distribute among them.

They had clasped hands there in Quanah's presence, knowing each other well, and in the cowman's tolerant grin and the pressure of his hard fingers Starlight had read more clearly the rout of his people than he had read it anywhere else before.

"Yah, Big-nose," he said, returning the grip and the smile. Tom Bird rode alone with them hunting for ten days and led them to a wide valley twenty miles long that the hide hunters had not yet found, and they showed him there how their fathers had run the buffalo in the long good years before the white men. November it had been, with frosted mornings and yellow bright days; their women had followed them to dress the skins and dry the meat. It was the last of the rich hunting years.

After that whenever Tom Bird passed through Oklahoma he would seek out the Indian who had once pulled his nose and would sometimes bring presents.

But Starlight had killed nine white men while the fighting had lasted.

DRESSED, Tom Bird came out onto the porch at eleven o'clock, and I knew from the smooth curve of his cheek that the liver had quit hurting. He was affable and shook all their hands again.

"We'll have a big dinner at noon," he told Starlight in the same flowing pidgin Spanish the old Comanche himself used. "Juan's making it especially for my Comanche friends, to send them on their trip full and happy."

Still unfooled, Starlight exhumed the main topic.

"No!" Tom Bird said.

"You have little courtesy," Starlight said. "You had more once."

Tom Bird said, "There were more of you then. Armed."

Starlight's eyes squinted in mirth which his mouth did not let itself reflect. Absently Tom Bird dug out his Days O' Work and bit a chew, then waved the plug apologetically and offered it to the Comanche. Starlight took it and with three remaining front teeth haggled off a chunk and pretended to put it into his vest pocket.

They both started laughing, phlegmy, hard-earned, old men's laughter, and for the first time — never having seen Tom Bird outargued before — I knew that it was going to work out.

Tom Bird said, "Son of a coyote, you . . . I've got four fat *castrados*, and you can have your pick. They're good meat, and I'll eat some of it with you."

Starlight wagged his head mulishly. "Those, no," he said. "The big bull."

Tom Bird stared, started to speak, closed his mouth, threw the returned plug of tobacco down on the porch, and clumped back into the house. The Indians all sat down again. One of the other older men reached over and picked up the plug, had a chew, and stuck it into his denim jacket. Immobility settled.

"Liberty," Starlight said out of nowhere, in Spanish. "They speak much of liberty. Not one of you has ever seen liberty, or smelled it. Liberty was grass, and wind, and a horse, and meat to hunt, and no wire."

From beyond the dark screen door Tom Bird said, "The little bull."

Starlight without looking around shook his head. Tom Bird opened the door so hard that it battered back against the house wall, loosening flakes of paint. He stopped above the old Indian and stood there on bowed legs, looking down. "You rusty old bastard!" he shouted in English. "I ain't got but the two, and the big one's the only good one. And he wouldn't eat worth a damn."

Starlight turned his head and eyed him.

"All right," Tom Bird said, slumping. "All right."

"Thank you, Pajarito," Starlight said.

"Jimmy," the old man said to me in a washed-out voice, "go tell the boys to shoot Shakespeare and hang him up down by the washhouse."

"No," John Oak Tree said.

"What the hell you mean, no?" Tom Bird said, turning to him with enraged pleasure. "That's the one he wants. What you think he's been hollering about for two whole days?"

"Not dead," John Oak Tree said. "My grandfather wants him alive."

"Now ain't that sweet?" the old man said. "Ain't that just beautiful? And I can go around paying for busted fences from here to Oklahoma and maybe to the God damn Arctic Circle, all so a crazy old murdering Comanche can have him a pet bull buffalo."

Starlight spoke in Spanish, having understood most of the English. "Tom Tejano, listen," he said.

"What?"

"Listen," Starlight said. "We're going to kill him, Tom Tejano. We."

"My butt!" said Tom Bird, and sat down.

IN THE afternoon, after the fried chicken and the rice and mashed beans and the tamales and the blistering chili, after the courteous belching and the smoking on the porch, everyone on the ranch

who could leave his work was standing in the yard under the cottonwoods as the nine Comanches brought their horses up from the lot, where they had been eating oats for two days, and tied them outside the picket fence, saddled.

After hitching Starlight's mare to the carryall, without paying any attention to their audience they began to strip down, methodically rolling their shed clothes into bundles with hats on top and putting them into the back of the carryall. Starlight reeled painfully among them, pointing a dried-up forefinger and giving orders. When they had finished, all of them but he wore only trousers and shoes or moccasins, with here and there scraps of the old bone and claw and hide and feather paraphernalia. John Oak Tree had slipped off the high-heeled boots he wore and replaced them with tennis sneakers.

A hundred yards away, gargling a bellow from time to time, old Shakespeare stood jammed into a chute where the hands had choused him. Between bellows, his small hating eye peered toward us from beneath a grayed board; there was not much doubt about how *he* felt.

The Indians took the long, blanketed bundle from the carryall and unrolled it.

"For God's sake!" a cowboy said beside me, a man named Abe Reynolds who had worked a good bit with the little buffalo herd. "For God's sake, this is nineteen damn twenty-three?"

I chuckled. Old Tom Bird turned his gray eyes on us and glared, and we shut up. The bundle held short bows, and quivers of arrows, and long, feather-hung, newly reshafted buffalo lances daubed with red and black. Some took bows and others lances, and among the bowmen were the two old men younger than Starlight, who under dry skins still had ridged segmented muscles.

"Those?" I said in protest, forgetting Tom Bird. "Those two couldn't . . ."

"Because they never killed one," he said without looking around. "Because old as they are, they ain't old enough to have hunted the animal that for two whole centuries was the main thing their people ate, and wore, and made tents and ropes and saddles and every other damn thing they had out of. You close your mouth, boy, and watch."

Starlight made John Oak Tree put on a ribboned medal of some kind. Then they sat the restless ponies in a shifting line, motley still but somehow, now, with the feel of that old terrible-ness coming off of them like a smell, and Starlight walked down the line of them and found them good and turned to raise his hand at Tom Bird.

Tom Bird yelled.

The man at the chute pulled the bars and jumped for the fence, and eight mounted Indians

lashed their ponies into a hard run toward the lumpy blackness that had emerged and was standing there swaying his head, bawling-furious.

Starlight screeched. But they were out of his control now and swept in too eagerly, not giving Shakespeare time to decide to run. When the Indian on the fastest pony, one of the middle-aged men, came down on him shooting what looked like a steady jet of arrows from beside the pony's neck, the bull squared at him. The Indian reined aside, but not enough. The big head came up under the pony's belly, and for a moment horse and rider paused reared against the horns and went pin-wheeling backward into the middle of the on-rushing others.

"Them idiots!" Abe Reynolds said. "Them plumb idiots!"

One swarming pile then, one mass with sharp projecting heads and limbs and weapons, all of them yelling and pounding and hacking and stabbing, and when old Shakespeare shot out from under the pile, shrugging them helter-skelter aside, he made a run for the house. Behind him they came yipping, leaving a gut-ripped dead horse on the ground beside the chute and another running riderless toward the northeast. One of the downed hunters sat on the ground against the chute as though indifferently. The other — one of the two oldsters — was hopping about on his left leg with an arrow through the calf of his right.

But I was scrambling for the high porch with the spectators, those who weren't grabbing for limbs, though Tom Bird stood his ground cursing as Shakespeare smashed through the white picket fence like dry sunflower stalks and whirled to make another stand under the cottonwoods. Some of the Indians jumped the fence and others poured through the hole he had made, all howling until it seemed there could be no breath left in them. For a moment, planted, Shakespeare stood with arrows bristling brightly from his hump and his loins and took someone's lance in his shoulder. Then he gave up that stand, too, and whisked out another eight feet of fence as he leveled into a long run down the dirt road past the corrals.

They rode him close, poking and shooting.

And finally, when it was all far enough down the road to have the perspective of a picture, John Oak Tree swung out leftward and running parallel to the others pulled ahead and abruptly slanted in with the long bubbling shriek, loud and cutting above all the other noise, that you can call rebel yell or cowboy holler or whatever you want, but which deadly exultant men on horseback have likely shrieked since the Assyrians and long, long before. Shakespeare ran desperately free from the sharp-pointed furor behind him, and John Oak Tree took his dun pony in a line converging sharp-

ly with the bull's course, and was there, and jammed the lance's blade certainly just behind the ribs and pointing forward, and the bull skidded to his knees, coughed, and rolled onto his side.

"You call that fair?" Abe Reynolds said sourly.

Nobody had. It was not fair. Fair did not seem to have much to do with what it was.

Starlight's carryall was headed for the clump of horsemen down the road, but the rest of us were held to the yard by the erect stability of Tom Bird's back as he stood in one of the gaps in his picket fence. Beside the chute, Starlight picked up the two thrown Indians and the saddle from the dead horse, the old hunter disarranged and bleeding now, and drove on to where the rest sat on their ponies around Shakespeare's carcass.

Getting down, he spoke to John Oak Tree. The young Indian dismounted and handed his lance to Starlight, who hopped around for a time with one foot in the stirrup and got up onto the dun pony and brought it back toward the house at a run, the lance held high. Against his greasy vest the big gold watch chain bounced, and his coattails flew, but his old legs were locked snugly around the pony's barrel. He ran it straight at Tom Bird where he stood in the fence gap, and pulled it cruelly onto its hocks three yards away, and held out the lance butt first.

"I carried it when I pulled your nose," he said. "The iron, anyhow."

Tom Bird took it.

"We were there, Tom Tejano," Starlight said.

"Yes," my great-uncle said. "Yes, we were there."

The old Comanche turned the pony and ran it back to the little group of his people and gave it to John Oak Tree, who helped him get back into the carryall. Someone had caught the loose pony. For a few moments all of them sat, frozen, looking down at the arrow-quilled black bulk that had been Shakespeare.

Then, leaving it there, they rode off down the road toward Oklahoma, past the fences of barbed steel that would flank them all the way.

A cowhand, surveying the deadly debris along the route of their run, said dryly, "A neat bunch of scutters, be damn if they ain't."

I was standing beside old Tom Bird, and he was crying. He felt my eyes and turned, the bloody lance upright in his hand, paying no heed to the tears running down the sides of his big nose and into his mustache.

"Damn you, boy," he said. "Damn you for not ever getting to know anything worth knowing. Damn me, too. We had a world, once."

EXODUS

BY ADRIENNE RICH

Obscure, the unpromised land
Now and again unshrouds itself,
Each time offering wisps and clues
Though hardly an invitation.
First, that is no garden, hung
South of frost and invasion,
Or any such fiction. It is earth,
Needing terraces, ditches, wells,
The stooping back's daylong persuasion.

The people? Are like ourselves, only
They are already there. They carry
Things in hand: an old jug,
A basket with leather handles, objects
Flawed and defined by use. They walk
Almost everywhere. They can name
Weeds, birds, stones. They have watched
human death.
Their women grow old proudly.
Their work is hard, so they sleep soundly.

How easy to argue for, how difficult
To undertake! Everything trails us,
Catches at our sleeves, not least
Wariness of ourselves, of that Quixote
Riding in our minds. Someone said,
Bitterly, of the Chambre des Deputés,
"Whatever's done there must be done on
weekends."
Well, darling, shops and banks are closing;
The risks are dozing; shall we stay or go?

CAN UNION POWER BE CURBED ?

BY EDWARD H. CHAMBERLIN

"Unions have achieved their present position," writes EDWARD H. CHAMBERLIN, the Harvard economist, "largely through public indulgence, and if the public becomes less indulgent, union power can be curbed. What is needed is a general awakening to the real nature of the problem." Mr. Chamberlin joined the Harvard faculty in 1922. He has published books on the theory of monopoly and competition, and he is today editor of the QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF ECONOMICS.

PROFESSIONAL economists are ordinarily expected to approach economic problems from a public point of view rather than from that of any particular special interest. Yet it is a fact that in general they have been strongly associated with an attitude critical toward business and have said little in criticism of labor.

To explain this situation one must recall the long tradition of sympathy for the cause of labor dating back to the gloomy days of Ricardo and Malthus in the early nineteenth century; the weak position of the individual laborer vis-à-vis his employer in those times when unionism was a cause, not a business; the liberal economic tradition with its overwhelming distrust of bigness, of monopolistic forces, and of concentrations of power in any form; and the fact that such concentrations have been prominent for many years in industry but lacking until recently in labor.

We know that much of this explanation is anachronistic today. In particular, there is the striking growth of union power in the last twenty years. Professor Sumner H. Slichter has dramatized it by pointing out that we live not, as we used to think, in a capitalistic society but in a laboristic one. Certainly most of us have a time lag in our thinking, and the economist's distrust of

power has not yet been transferred in any substantial degree to labor. But I do believe that such a transfer is in process. Indeed, the most disturbing thing to my mind is not so much that people are unaware of the significance of this growth in labor union power but that so many seem to think that nothing can be done about it. I do not believe that anything in the field of social policy is inevitable, and we ought to stop saying that it is, however great the difficulties to be overcome.

The belief that nothing can be done about labor unions is held in large part because of their political power. Now labor, like business or farmers or other interest groups, must in the political field be a formidable mixture of the good and the bad, and I do not attempt to make an evaluation here. I raise the question of political power only because of the defeatist argument that nothing can be done to regulate labor unions. Union leaders have the problem not only of delivering their own vote but of appealing effectively to nonunion labor — still roughly two thirds of the nonagricultural working force — and to the many diverse and powerful nonlabor elements in society.

For example, at a convention of the American Farm Bureau Federation held in Boston last De-

cember a stiff labor platform was adopted which called for a continuation of the investigation by the McClellan committee and the enactment of bans on secondary boycotts, blacklisting, recognition picketing, hot cargo practices, the allocation of markets, control of production or prices, collection of shakedown fees for unloading trucks, and "make work" and featherbedding practices.

It is also encouraging to recall that the Taft-Hartley Act, which set a precedent for subjecting labor unions in some measure to public regulation, was passed in 1947 over the opposition of organized labor (and over a veto by President Truman); that its leading author, Senator Taft, from the highly industrialized state of Ohio, was re-elected in 1950 despite the desperate attempt of big labor to unseat him; and that the Taft-Hartley law, after twelve years, is still on the books. It is encouraging, too, that Arizona Senator Goldwater, the leading exponent in the Senate of curbing union power, was re-elected recently in spite of efforts by the UAW in faraway Michigan to defeat him.

The belief that nothing can be done about labor union power reduces to the belief that nothing *will* be done about it. This kind of fatalism is particularly evident with respect to the inflationary problem. Creeping inflation, we are told, is inevitable — all we can do is to accept it and learn to live with it.

Now the doctrine that inflation is inevitable is very closely linked with a particular kind of inflation, namely the cost-push type. We know a great deal about how to control inflation of the demand-pull variety by well-established monetary and fiscal techniques. No one believes that such inflation is inevitable, though it may approach inevitability in wartime. If the war years are omitted, prices have risen very little in the United States over the last hundred and fifty years. Years of rising prices have been fewer than those of falling or stable prices, and many of these latter have been years of prosperity.

Inflation of the cost-push variety is held to be inevitable partly because the conventional methods of control are not effective against it. For many reasons, the upward pressure on wages exerted by individual unions is strikingly insensitive to fiscal and credit restraints. And so, when one limits his thinking to fiscal and monetary measures, it is easy to conclude either that nothing can stop the upward cost push or that it can be stopped only at an unacceptable social cost of rising unemployment and lost production. By holding demand in check, the economy is indeed slackened, cost increases are harder to pass on, employer resistance to wage demands is increased,

strikes are harder to win, and wage demands are correspondingly reduced. And so economists like to speculate on how high unemployment must go before it begins to act as a brake on wage demands. The great mistake, I think, is in trying to control wage-push inflation by methods which are inappropriate for the job.

It becomes necessary to go back and ask a very simple and fundamental question: What is the source of the problem? If it is excessive power in the hands of labor, the most obvious way to seek a remedy would be to reduce the power, and this is in fact the gist of my proposal. An alternative proposal would be to strengthen management by such devices, for example, as the pooling arrangement among airlines which has recently received so much publicity. Perhaps we might have some of both. But strangely enough I have found in discussing these matters that many who are horrified at the thought of weakening unions have no objection whatever to strengthening management. They would prefer to equalize power at a higher level, for bigger and better struggles, whereas I should prefer a measure of disarmament.

INFLATION is only one aspect of the general problem. The basis of labor union power is similar to that of any monopoly power — control of a market through collective action — but with the superimposition of decisive elements unique to the labor market.

The monopoly problem is simply one of maximum gain, both by the suppression of internal competition and by closing the path of entry to any from outside who would by their participation tend to break down the monopoly. This is precisely the method of monopoly in both the industrial and the labor areas. The striking difference between them is that monopoly in industry has been recognized as a matter of public concern for a long time and has been subjected, with at least partial success, to a program of regulation; whereas labor monopoly, hidden by the attractive phrase "collective bargaining," has hardly been recognized, let alone brought under control.

The control of monopoly generally involves the application of some standard of fairness, and in industry this standard has usually been found by a reference to competitive markets. Two procedures in applying the competitive criterion have been developed. In the case of public utilities and certain forms of transportation, monopoly is permitted and subjected to direct regulation. Here the lack of alternatives open to the consumer is recognized by imposing the obligation of service on the company. Here too, public commissions, sub-

ject to court review, regulate rates and earnings in accord with principles designed to bring about a rough correspondence between earnings in the regulated and in the competitive sectors of the economy, with allowance for such special factors as stability of income, risk, and so forth.

For the great bulk of the industrial area which remains, the attempt is made to preserve competition by forbidding agreements in restraint of trade, forbidding mergers under certain conditions, and outlawing certain specific practices which are regarded as detrimental to healthy competition. The expectation seems to be that enough competition can be preserved to give the public at least a reasonable protection against the abuses of concentrated private power and against the consequences of government regimentation.

The success of these policies may be questioned; I think everyone would agree that there is room for improvement. We get perspective on the policy, however, by comparing the prevailing spirit of American industry with that of Continental Europe, where cartelization is generally accepted and where, since agreements in restraint of trade are not forbidden, all manner of informal and tacit agreements and a generally restrictive mentality dominate the picture. I once heard the contrast put in this form: If a European retailer has an item on his shelf for some months without its being sold, he is likely to raise the price because of the cost he has incurred in keeping it for that time; the American retailer, on the contrary, will lower the price so as to get rid of it and make room for something else. The notion of not engaging too vigorously in price competition is a universal phenomenon in some degree, but a willingness to gain business at a rival's expense is fairly well developed in the United States, and I think the antitrust laws in this country are an important part of the reason why this is so.

Concentration of economic power in the labor field is paradoxically very great, partly because few people are aware of it. It is hidden because the gains which are made, say in terms of wages or so-called fringe benefits, are made immediately speaking from the employer instead of from the public.

There is a common belief that higher wages come out of profits; and this is often superficially the case as a short-run proposition. Yet such a belief is in direct conflict with a fundamental long-run principle of economics as hoary and as generally respectable as the famous law of supply and demand, namely, the law of cost: that prices tend to conform to cost of production, including a normal allowance for profits. The principle is a rough one, and it ought to be elaborated if space permitted, especially as to the *amount* of profit which it

includes. But there is no reason to expect wage increases, any more than increases in the cost of raw materials, to be met out of profits; both are paid in the end by the public in the form of higher prices.

THROUGH the law of costs, the power of labor to raise money wages, and so indirectly to raise prices, is fundamentally no different from the power of business to raise prices directly. Monopoly wages, like monopoly prices, are paid in the end by the public; and it is for this reason that there is exactly as much public interest involved in the regulation of monopoly in the labor field as in the field of industry.

Now the problem of industrial monopoly power, even at those times in history when it has been of the greatest public concern, has never been associated with inflation. How is it therefore that such an association is made in the labor field? There are several reasons for this: the practice of wage settlements over wide areas on a pattern basis, so that one increase means many more; the institution of the annual wage increase, augmented by the growing practice of embodying it in long-term contracts; competition among labor leaders to outdo their rivals — and we must include competition from employers in nonunionized areas to do even better, so as to avoid unionization; and finally the fact that wages are more important than profits as an element in prices. The role of union power in cost inflation would seem to indicate that the control of this general inflationary force may be achieved only by putting a damper on thousands of individual wage and price increases.

How then to hold them in check? The decisive elements unique to the labor market which are mainly responsible for the fact that labor has too much power are not a part of collective bargaining per se. They are accretions of power which have developed partly through specific exemptions by Congress and through court interpretations, partly through a failure to understand the problem, but mostly through an uncritical public indulgence which can only be explained by a confused belief that since the labor cause is good, the more power in the hands of labor the better. As a practical matter, it seems to me that progress could be made in reducing union power by attacking directly those accretions which clearly rest upon privileges and immunities of laborers as compared with other citizens, and which it is therefore reasonable and fair to correct on the simple ground of equal treatment for all.

A recent booklet entitled *The Legal Immunities of Labor Unions* by Dean Emeritus Roscoe Pound of the Harvard University Law School analyzes

an impressive list of such immunities. They are treated under the headings of torts (civil wrongs), contracts, restraint of trade, duties of public service, the right to work, racketeering, centralized power, and irresponsibility. Legal immunities are related to economic power, and each such immunity therefore contributes its bit to wage-push inflation. Certainly the appeal of equal treatment for all is a strong one in a democracy. Why should it not apply in this area?

On the more purely economic front, the power accretions are startling. The practice of making a deal with the teamsters to "honor" a picket line has nothing to do with free speech, as the Supreme Court seems to think it has because it involves picketing, and it has nothing to do with collective bargaining. It is simply a power gadget to deprive an employer not only of the services of his own workers who are on strike but of all other goods and services as well. The old legal principle that a service of such vital public necessity as transportation must not be closed or obstructed clearly corresponds to the economic realities. Yet it has not been adapted to developments of recent decades in the transportation field. Most firms in modern times are heavily if not totally dependent for their existence on private trucking. In fact, the teamsters derive most of their power not from the racketeering with which they are ridden but from their control over transportation, including the freedom with which they can choke off this vital service from any specific business enterprise they please.

The threat of potential violence and intimidation through the device of the picket line are powerful factors — so powerful, in fact, that nowadays a firm rarely attempts any operations at all if a strike has been called, although it would be within its legal rights to do so. For all practical purposes the alternative of making a bargain with anyone other than the union has been removed. Even the attempts a few months ago in the bus strike in Massachusetts to run a few buses operated by supervisors for school children were successfully blocked by masses of pickets surrounding the buses. Boycotts, hot cargo rules, refusals to work with nonunion labor or on materials produced by nonunion labor or by the wrong union are used with impunity to close the channels of trade and commerce. These and other privileges and immunities which tremendously augment union monopoly power are unique to the labor market.

MANY of these developments are a logical conclusion of what seems to be the overriding principle that a union's economic power must not be

compromised. In the further matter of agreements and alliances, for instance, anything is legal so long as only labor groups are involved. No — there is one qualification of mock seriousness. A union may restrain trade as much as it pleases and combine with others against other unions, against nonunion laborers, against some particular employer, or against the general public, provided only — in the quaint language of the *Hutcheson* decision — it is acting in its own self-interest.

I have seen a statement by an important labor leader before the Joint Economic Committee of Congress to the effect that even to raise the question of whether unions have too much power is to question their very right to exist. This is the union point of view, and it seems to be widespread. Yet what could be more absurd? Has anyone ever held that to reduce and regulate monopoly power in the business area was to question the right of business to exist?

We need only to make the distinction between collective bargaining and the application of further pressures, to make clear that such pressures may be reduced as the public interest and ordinary fairness require, without imperiling the existence of unions. Should a union be allowed to strangle a business economically by arranging with the teamsters to cut off its transportation? It seems to me we might as well ask if a physically strong customer in a retail shop should be allowed to twist the arm of the shopkeeper in order to drive a better bargain with him.

I suggest as a good general rule that no employer should have brought against him pressures exerted by anyone other than his own employees. To implement such a principle fully may seem too much to hope for, but it should not be overlooked that there is an opening wedge in the outlawing of the secondary boycott by Congress in the Taft-Hartley Act. It remains, after closing some of the loopholes which have developed in this prohibition, to make progress in applying the general principle more widely. There seems every reason to think that the questions of alliances in the labor field, interunion relationships, and the extent of single-union control are as much a matter of public concern and of regulation as are intercorporate relationships and agreements in industry.

A national policy of encouraging collective bargaining, adopted in the middle thirties in the belief that labor's bargaining power was weak and needed to be strengthened, has encouraged not merely collective bargaining but the development of a wide power complex. The careless view that labor must have enough power to win may have been understandable when labor was the underdog. But pilots who can close down airlines in negotiating for top salaries of well over \$20,000 a

year are not underdogs. And when a few hundred workers in New York who merely deliver newspapers after they have been produced can deprive ten million readers of printed news and inflict losses, not only on their employers but on a whole community, estimated at \$50 million, it seems clear that the time has come for a re-evaluation of where the power now lies.

As this article is being written, the fast-approaching crisis in the steel industry provides an example on a national scale of where the power lies. However one may judge the demands of the steel workers and wage-price relationships in the industry, the simple fact remains that the nation will be offered its choice between a long-drawn-out strike which would deal a heavy blow to economic recovery or an inflationary increase in costs. Indeed, it may very well get both.

The increase in wages (or fringe benefits) will be inflationary for two reasons: 1) whether at once or after an interval, steel prices will be higher, and so will the prices of all things made of steel; 2) less obvious but much more important, an increase in steel wages (already among the highest) must be followed by other wage increases. This is so because of the pattern phenomenon: if steel workers get more, inexorable pressures are created to bring other wages in the whole structure into

line. So the wage-price spiral works not only vertically from wages to prices but horizontally from wages to other wages, and especially so when a key industry like steel is involved. With these considerations in mind, the question of whether or not certain steel companies could increase wages without raising their own prices (whatever the answer) recedes into proper perspective.

The choice between a disastrous closing down of the steel industry and another round of inflation is indeed a hard one, and if unions had less power other alternatives with a measure of concern for the public interest might have a hearing.

Unions have achieved their present position largely through public indulgence, and if the public becomes less indulgent, union power can be curbed. What is needed is a general awakening to the real nature of the problem. In its fundamentals monopoly power is the same whether used by laborers or by businessmen, and it has the same adverse effect on the rest of society, with an inflationary influence to be added in the case of labor. It has been subjected to regulation in business; how much longer will it go unregulated in the labor area? Will the rest of society continue to accept the principle that a labor union's freedom in the pursuit of its own self-interest shall be unrestrained?

THE SITE OF LAST NIGHT'S FIRE

BY PETER DAVISON

I scrape char off a board with a dull knife.
Unraveled into dust, black yields to gray,
And eager wood emerges from its mask.
Once it is stripped, the wood glows naked as bone,
Charged with light, suited to hands again.
To comfort this unstrung household, tiles of carbon
Clothed the sweet pine in velvet, muffled all
The liveliness that leaped within the wood
Through post and beam. Is it a fact that fire
Yesterday prowled up the stairs, munched at a floor,
Crumpled a roof, and tempted four upright walls
To tilt themselves into this last embrace?
Within my clothes I shiver. Scorching tears
Rained upon joy all night, and washed away
The marks where bumblin' flame had licked my face.

ENGLISH

is a Queer Language

One of the four famous Hamilton sisters, Edith, Margaret, Nora, and Alice, each of whom found distinction in her own field, DR. ALICE HAMILTON is a scientist who worked at Hull House with her friend, Jane Addams. She was a pioneer in the field of industrial medicine, an undertaking which she thoughtfully described in her well-remembered autobiography, EXPLORING THE DANGEROUS TRADES.

TO REALIZE how queer it is, one must follow the struggles of an intellectual foreigner trying to learn English. That has been our experience since Bohus Petrzelka, a doctor of laws from Prague, with his wife and little daughter, took up his abode in the roomy ell of our house. Both Petrzelka and his wife knew German well (and hated it), but during the six years of the German occupation English was forbidden, and they forgot what they had learned in school and had to start from scratch. While little Jane lapped it up as a kitten laps milk, her parents struggled along, trying to reason out the why of many strange usages which we had never realized were strange. We tried to explain, but we found it surprisingly difficult.

Jarmila came to me with this puzzle. "Mrs. Green told me her mother is coming to visit her, and she is going to stay a week. How can she stay if she is going? How can she go if she is staying?" I could not explain, because never before had I realized that "going" may have nothing to do with the verb "to go," though the latter has its own present participle which seems identical. This other "going" deals only with the future: I am going to see this matter through; he is going to lose his job; she is going to be tired out. None of these examples have anything to do with "to go." All I could say was a helpless, "Well, it is idiomatic."

The next was also a surprise and also beyond my capacity to explain. Jarmila said, "Somebody asked me if I would not miss Miss Clara while she is away. I know what it means when you say

you miss the bus, but how can I miss her when she is not here?"

The next problem was much worse. Jarmila said, "Is it true that it means the same thing if you say, 'The house burned down' or 'The house burned up'? Surely if it burned up, that means the fire started in the cellar and worked up, while if it burned down, it started in the attic and worked down."

"No," I said, "it does not. You can say it either way and it means the same thing."

Jarmila sighed. "I do not understand this 'up.' I thought I knew the difference between up and down, but they tell me it is the same if I slow up my car or slow it down. And there are so many 'up's' that seem quite unnecessary. Why do they tell me to hurry up when I am not going upstairs? And why must I clean up the mess, wrap up the parcel, tidy up my desk? What has 'up' to do with it all?"

"Well," I began, rather helplessly, "perhaps 'clean up' seems more thorough than just 'clean.'"

Jarmila looked skeptical, and after a period of meditation she came back in triumph. "No," she said. "'Up' has nothing to do with thoroughness. Look now. There are four ways you can use 'make up.' I make up the bed. I make up my mind. I make up my face when I put on rouge and lipstick. And Jane makes up with Anne when they have quarreled."

"Yes," I said, "and there is a fifth. I make up a story to entertain Jane."

Of course there was no explanation I could give her, and it sent me and the rest of the family on a search for the unnecessary "up's" we use all the time. You can put yourself to sleep chasing them down the alphabet from "add up" to "wake up," and you will find queer things, such as "up to now" and "it's up to you" and two "look up's," one meaning to raise one's eyes, the other to seek information from the encyclopedia. I gave up trying to explain "up."

What about "must"? There too the problem was quite new to me. Jarmila said, "Does not 'must' carry the meaning of compulsion or command, from oneself or somebody else? But the other day I was telling some of the neighbors how long it took me to drive to Hammonnassett Beach, and one of them said, 'You must have lost your way,' and then another said, 'You must have been pretty tired by the time you reached home.' Now nobody commanded me to lose my way or to get tired. So why 'must'?"

The next problem was a tough one. Bohus came back from work (a Czech doctor of laws cannot practice law in this country because his study has been based on Napoleonic law) saying that a man had told him that if he learned all the ways there are in English of using the word "get" he would have mastered the language. That started us on a hunt for "get," which yielded a more abundant harvest than did Jarmila's "up."

Just try to follow "get" down the alphabet from "get along with somebody" to "get well." Of course we get sick, too, we get ahead of somebody, get behind in our work, get even with somebody, get homesick, get cold feet, get discharged, get rich, and so on ad infinitum. We can even, if inelegantly, "get going," and as a final triumph, we can "get our comeuppance," thus combining the two troublesome words in a very useful but quite unexplainable expression.

Jarmila and Bohus became experts at finding English words that mean three or four or more different things. Take "fall," for instance. We fall in love, we fall sick, we love the fall of the year, we fear the fall-out from the atom bomb, Christmas Day falls on a Friday. And if we are old-fashioned enough to say "it fell out," we mean "it came to pass." We keep house, we keep books, we keep silence, we keep the Sabbath day holy. We put on a hat, put off till tomorrow, put out a fire, put up with disagreeable people.

Even so simple an expression as "back and forth" arouses criticism, because it is illogical. "One can not go back if one does not first go forth. Why do you not say 'forth and back'?"

Our Czech friends tell us that the Czech language is logical and that one can explain it reasonably. English, I find, is not.

FOR MY SON:

TWENTY

BY GEORGE F. DELL

Would you be wise? Then do these simple things:
Plant many seeds in all your many springs:

Marry a wife, and either love or lie
And say you do; get children, and lay by

A little every day you will not spend;
Choose three or four (no more) to call you friend,

And these tough-minded, careful, critical —
Trust these, but demonstrate respect for all;

Do every day something you hate to do
And something you prefer; by night renew

Your mind through prayer; be ever discontent
With your perfection of accomplishment;

Diminish no one, act so that no curse
Is justified, and treat no fellow worse

Than you would have him treat you, if by grace
Of God there should be an exchange of place;

Last, live the day unfearing, having eyes
Only for life — let death be by surprise.

The Fine Arts and the Universities

BY A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD



*"Two Muses," Greek vase painting
Fitzwilliam Museum Cambridge, England*

One of the most outspoken of college presidents, A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD began his career as a teacher at Yale twenty-five years ago and has been president of the university since 1950. He here discusses a movement which has steadily been gathering momentum in recent decades: the recognition of fine arts as a viable force in college curriculums.

HALF a century ago it would have been hard to talk about the place of the fine arts in a university without begging the question. A few institutions of higher learning maintained schools or departments of architecture, painting, and music, but these enjoyed hardly more than squatters' rights among their venerable academic neighbors. They had little or no support from a public whose taste in art was as uncouth as it was untutored and whose attitude toward those who pursued artistic careers was a mixture of misspent puritanism and unspent philistinism. Within the universities, the fine arts were kept at arm's length by an educational philosophy that refused to recognize them as of equal or even comparable value to studies based upon language, literature, and the sciences. Even among devotees of art feelings were mixed, with many, probably most, practicing artists scornful of its small band of academic champions.

Today the curtain rises on a very different scene. Millions of school children busy themselves with painting and music, and thousands of young men and women go on to college and carry on their pursuit of art with ardor and academic credit thrown into the bargain. In the universities they find architecture, painting, sculpture, the graphic arts, music, and drama competing for their interest more vigorously and with greater success than some of the subjects once held in higher academic esteem.

To be sure, there are still professors who look

upon their artistic colleagues as poachers, and artists who regard universities as stiflers of art. But the number of creative artists who, during the past two decades, have found congenial homes in our colleges and universities gives assurance that mutual antipathies have yielded to feelings of mutual affinity and that both sides have accepted university effort in this field as a *fait accompli*. Paul Hindemith, Douglas Moore, Quincy Porter, Robert Frost, Archibald MacLeish, Robert Penn Warren, Mary Ellen Chase, Walter Gropius, and Josef Albers are but a few of those artists who have not merely visited universities for a term or two but have lived and worked in them for long periods of their productive careers, discovering in them new scope for their talents, new opportunities for the training of their apprentices and the artistic education of their audiences. The fine arts have won a place in the academic sun.

The rise of the fine arts in the universities has paralleled their rise in the nation to the highest and most promising stage of their development. May we not expect the momentum to continue? We may if we understand what gives that momentum its initial impetus. Many forces contributed to the rise of the fine arts in the United States. The greater ease of foreign travel, the efforts of collectors and patrons, radio, the coming of age of American civilization — not to mention the inherent power of great art to plead its own case — must all be reckoned among those forces along

with higher education. If the universities are to further the progress of the arts they must do more than provide hospitality to artists in residence. They must show that creative art and higher education are so closely related as to form an integral process. They must find better reasons for the arts in their curriculum than that higher education should reflect popular trends or that because children study art in school they should be able to continue to study it in college. The real test is whether or not the universities can satisfy themselves of a mutually profitable relationship between creative art and liberal learning.

Creative art is the fulfillment of all approaches to art. Though history and criticism are important in themselves and in contexts other than the artistic, their ultimate end ought to be the furtherance of the creative process whether in the individual or in the society of which he is a member. It is easy to identify the pursuit of creative art as a vocational exercise and for universities which offer vocational studies in other subjects to find a comfortable place for it under their roofs. But for those who believe, as I do, that a distinguishing feature of a true university is liberal learning and who see in that kind of learning one of the university's chief sources of strength and reasons for being, the position of creative art in the curriculum becomes more problematical. To organize the study of art in a vocational school in competition with other vocational schools, whether they are connected with universities or not, is one thing. To see it clearly and treat it in vital relationship to liberal learning is quite another. If we can do this, having first recognized the intrinsic supremacy of creative art in its own realm, the union of the fine arts and the universities will be both enduring and fruitful.

LET us first inquire, then, what interest liberal education may have in the fine arts, and carry the inquiry into their creative phase.

Liberal education is supposed to liberate and cultivate a man's innate intellectual and spiritual powers. It is not supposed to make him into a tool but rather to make him the master of tools. It is supposed to awaken and strengthen the humanistic impulses of society at their source, in the individual. This is done by acquainting him with the humanistic achievements of other generations and civilizations as well as of his own, and in making this acquaintance he at once becomes dependent upon art. He uses it in all its forms — poetry, drama, the novel, music, painting, sculpture, and architecture — both as evidence and as interpretation. He employs it as an international language, as a passport through time and space, for

its aesthetic discipline and for the insight it gives him into the meaning of life. Yesterday's arts have formed the foundation of today's humanism ever since the humanists of the Renaissance rediscovered the arts of ancient Greece and Rome and thus repaired the broken thread of Western civilization. In this sense art is an old, not a new, element in liberal education.

If the arts had no more than age and tradition behind them their position in the liberal arts curriculum of a modern university would be an honorable one. As it is, their position is a vital one. Notwithstanding the fact that they must prove their case in an age in which the frontiers of science are rapidly expanding and the social sciences are boldly invading fields heretofore within the domain of the arts, the latter have lost nothing of their usefulness. We still turn to them for understanding of the human spirit. In this field no science or social science has yet surpassed the intuitive genius of the artist.

But what of art in its creative phase, the phase that is the subjective expression of the individual artist and defies all objective categories? I would argue that the presence of the creative process alongside the historical and the critical generates a current that gives life to them. We may best appreciate the effect of that current, perhaps, by imagining what the study of science in the universities would be like (or where the sciences would be today) if it were limited to the history of science. The studio is as essential to the study of the arts as the laboratory is to the study of the sciences. Moreover, the discipline imposed by any art grows stronger and more intensive as one strives to master its creative process. This discipline is akin to and in many respects identical with the discipline of the sciences, language, and logic, which have been the core of the liberal arts since their beginning.

Let us take the case of music. In its advanced phases of theory — harmony, counterpoint, form, melody, orchestration — and in its history when studied with reference to these elements, music presents as rigorous a challenge to the human mind and offers it as keen a discipline as any of the subjects conventionally identified with liberal education. Its value can be discounted in comparison with these only out of ignorance of its true nature or out of a false conception of the purpose of liberal education. There is so much music in the air, with so many people listening to it or playing it in some form or other, that both of these mistakes are frequently made, often by individuals who should know better.

Of all fantasies none is greater than the notion of the creative artist in music or any other medium as a capricious Bohemian fashioning his works out

of humors and hunches. No art worth hearing or looking at was ever fashioned in any way other than through long and painful submission to one of life's sternest taskmasters. Few apprentices to that taskmaster ever achieved greatness who were not, or did not make themselves in the process, supremely intelligent, cultured, and even learned men. Just as the works of a great artist are useful to liberal education so is the process that produces those works, provided only that it be true to the highest canons of both education and art and not a half-baked form of either or a specious compromise between both. We must look carefully at all purported demonstrations of the compatibility or incompatibility of education and art. Bad art plus good education rule out art. Bad education plus good art rule out education. Bad art plus bad education may find happy union where innocence is bliss or vulgarity reigns. They are fit companions that do not belong in universities. Good art and good education are fit companions that do.

THUS far we have considered the interest of liberal education in creative art. Let us now consider the interest of creative art in liberal education.

We must concede at once that great art is produced only by individuals endowed with great creative gifts and that these are beyond the power of any educational institution to grant or instill. For individuals in whom the gift is prodigious, apprenticeship to a master may be preferable to any form of institutional training. The general self-education of the genius usually comes to embrace most of what he would have got through liberal education in college, and there is no evidence to prove that he would have got this better by the institutional method. Nevertheless, the creative artist is a human being, and what improves him as a human being will improve him as an artist. Through its professional schools, higher education can improve the artist's technical mastery. Equally important is its power to help him interpret experience by illuminating that experience with the light of liberal learning.

Who could gain more from what has been esteemed for two thousand years as the ideal education for the ideal citizen than the artist whose genius enables him to reveal the ideal to his fellow men and inspires him to lead them toward it? C. P. Snow has argued that only by disciplining — and employing — their intellectual powers will novelists be able to prevent their art from declining while science flourishes. For this, he says, "stronger intellects and deeper insights" will be needed. The development and encouragement of intellec-

tual power and the encouragement of its possessors to use it are the business of liberal education. In this, liberal education has as much to offer all artists as it has to offer the members of any profession.

Fundamental, too, in the creative artist's stake in higher education is the enlightenment of his audience. He cannot lead men toward the ideal if they will not follow him, and they will not follow if they cannot understand him. Great art depends upon great patronage of art, whether that be vested in individuals, in groups, or in society generally. It depends upon high standards measured against universals, upon good taste and informed criticism, upon the knowledge and the courage to distinguish good from bad and, moreover, upon the provision of resources to support the good. A society in which these things do not exist is not so likely to produce great art or great artists as a society in which they do: we can document this from our own history. Thus the education of our university undergraduates as future patrons and critics of the arts becomes of the utmost importance to the creative artist, and his stake in such education proportionately increases.

Creative art thus points to higher academic standards for higher education. Great art requires greatness of the listener and the beholder as well as of the artist. To understand Bach or Leonardo or Shakespeare, to receive the full benefit of their revelations of the ideal, we must rise to their level. We must know at least some of the things they knew, think some of their thoughts, feel some of their feelings, even though we cannot ourselves express them in forms so sublime. Competence of this kind requires hard work, intellectual effort, intelligence, imagination. It does not come to us as we passively look at slides or listen to high-fidelity recordings. Neither does it come from jejune efforts at creativity on the part of individuals to whom the Lord did not vouchsafe the creative gift. Though it may be powerfully stimulated by an artist in residence, it comes fundamentally from intellectual discipline in the context of humanistic learning that is the province of liberal education.

THE universities have much to contribute to creative art both through their undergraduate colleges of liberal arts and through their professional schools, especially when the latter draw their water from the same well of liberal learning as the undergraduate colleges. The ancient strife between art and education dies hard, but it is dying. The notion that higher education alienates the artist from his art can be relegated to the

legendary realm of Bohemia, whence it originated. We who love statistics may be interested, in this connection, in one which I draw from the experience of my own university. In days gone by, two types of students used to be admitted to its school of music, one fresh out of high school, the other after four years of college. In the course of a study that resulted in making the bachelor of arts degree a standard requirement for all admissions, it was revealed that of the school's graduates who had taken the B.A. before entering the school two thirds were engaged in full-time professional careers in music as compared with only one third of those who had entered directly from high school. It may be that the older age and presumably greater maturity of the college graduates were factors in making their decision in favor of a musical career more firm and lasting. The fact is that higher education did not alienate them from their art.

The artists in residence in the universities fortify my conclusion. They would not have stayed as long as they have, or as contentedly, if they had not discovered fresh fields and pastures new, and they would not have produced the works that have sprung from their genius in the abode of learning if the latter had seduced or distracted them from their art. *Ars non habet inimicum nisi ignorantem* runs the proverb — "Art has no enemy but an ignorant man." The universities and the fine arts are natural allies.

There is every reason for strengthening their alliance and for expecting, as we do so, that we shall strengthen both its members. And there are particular reasons for doing this now. This is a time of anxiety and doubt which undermine the very foundations of our faith as a free people. Of all forms of education none has fed the roots of that freedom so generously as liberal education, and of all persons to whom freedom is the very breath of life few can compare with the creative artist. Seven years ago Jacques Maritain prophesied in his A. W. Mellon Lectures in the Fine Arts, "Despite the conditions of our present state of civilization, so hostile to creative freedom, there will always be artists who have fortitude enough to turn toward the inner sources and trust in the power of the small translucent cloud of poetic intuition. They will be able to get out of . . . various entanglements . . . and to be unselfish in the very awakening of creative subjectivity." Boris Pasternak has fulfilled this prophecy. So have countless other artists, whose entanglements may not have been as great.

If those artists can show us how to escape from such entanglements, liberal education can show us

how to prevent them from being created in the first place. Both artists and educators serve the cause of individual freedom and for this reason if for no other deserve all the support our freedom-hungry society can give them. Without their help, though we may not be enslaved by commissars, we shall be ground to a spiritual pulp in our headlong passion for organization.

Another reason why the universities should stand by and strengthen the fine arts is the very one that compels them to strengthen the sciences. We are living in a time when science is being called upon to save our skins before art can save our souls. I do not in the least minimize our need to strengthen the sciences by every means we can. Yet I am convinced that science alone, unaided by the arts, cannot save us, either as a nation or as a civilization. In both respects our salvation depends not only upon our military prowess but also upon our ability to win the confidence of the free nations and arouse the hopes of the people of the unfree. What those peoples think of us will be as important to our security as our scientific weapons — perhaps more important, as it could obviate the necessity of employing those weapons in a mutually destructive nuclear war.

In making up their minds what they think about us, these people will judge us by our culture, and in the representation of that culture our arts will speak with authority. Already they have proved, even in moments of acute international tension and crisis, that they can unlock doors inaccessible to politics and penetrate where diplomacy cannot enter. They speak the universal language of humanity. It is peculiarly appropriate at this critical juncture in our history that our universities should make their voices heard in that language and contribute in full measure to the great purpose it serves.

"Primitive art," writes Doctor Zhivago, "the art of Egypt, Greece, our own — it is all, I think, one and the same art through thousands of years. You can call it an idea, a statement about life, so all-embracing that it can't be split up into separate words; and if there is so much as a particle of it in any work that includes other things as well, it outweighs all the other ingredients in significance and turns out to be the essence, the heart and soul of the work."

"A statement about life, so all-embracing that it can't be split up into separate words" would make a very good definition of liberal education. We must not deny that education to our artists, and we must certainly not deny to education that which reveals "the essence, the heart and soul of the work."

A LITTLE PROHIBITION IN MISSISSIPPI

BY DAVID L. COHN

VISITING my native Mississippi in 1958 I realized — while having bourbon-and-branch at a time-stained, well-stocked, wide-open bar — that although this was the twenty-fifth year of repeal of national prohibition, it was the golden anniversary of Mississippi prohibition, and the state remains a last outpost of the once great temperance movement. Yet by a feat of adaptation to the environment, Mississippi is so comfortably wet that no citizen need suffer the agonies of a parched throat. The enterprisers who serve a large, grateful clientele of whiskey drinkers are in good odor with the community generally and with the state treasury particularly. They annually dower it with a multimillion-dollar payment of sales taxes at rates set by the legislature, and more than a thousand of them hold federal liquor dealer licenses that gild their respectability and assure them immunity from Washington's revenueurs.

Mississippi's whiskey tax collector receives greater compensation — about \$40,000 — than the governor, whose salary is \$15,000 a year. Yet William F. Winter, the present collector, has urged the legislature, in economy's name, to abolish his office and merge it with the general tax-collecting apparatus!

Mr. Winter is representative of a small group of well-educated, serious-minded, nondemagogic young men who aspire to a political life in Mississippi. His education at the University of Mississippi was interrupted by Army service in 1943–1946. The following year he was elected to the state legislature, was recalled to the Army in 1951 during the Korean War, and on his return was re-elected to the legislature without opposition.

Drawing by Clive Weed from HOW THEY DRAW PROHIBITION.



A native of Greenville, Mississippi, who was educated at Yale, DAVID L. COHN is an author, world traveler and economist, and one of the shrewdest political observers in Washington today. His books include an authoritative study of Southern economics, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF KING COTTON, and a study of the Negro in the South, WHERE I WAS BORN AND RAISED.

In 1956 he was appointed state tax collector by Governor John P. Coleman.

While Winter was a member of the legislature, a study committee of that body recommended the elimination of the office of state tax collector, and he approved it. When he himself became the collector and beneficiary of its fees — fees huge on the scale of Mississippi salaries in government or business — he again recommended to the legislature that his office be abolished.

Under these circumstances it is perhaps not surprising to find that this somewhat quixotic young man and his wife are teetotalers, without, however, any air about them of holier-than-thou.

The temperance struggle has long evoked the passions of Mississippians. During the Civil War the dries argued that scarce corn ought to go into corn meal instead of corn whiskey. Afterward Jefferson Davis, President of the late Confederacy and a native son, opposed prohibition and, for all his prestige, was denounced by Methodist Bishop Galloway as "a shibboleth of the saloons." Soon prohibitionists dominated the legislature and, in the ever excessive local landscape, as words failed, guns blazed. One victim was the editor of the Prohibition Party's *Shield and the Sword*.

County after county went dry under local option. Then men devised ingenious systems of

"blind tigers" to redress the balance. Shoe stores delivered bottles of whiskey in shoe boxes. And help came from an unexpected source to comfort multitudes suddenly stricken with various ailments as the state supreme court held that drug-stores could sell alcohol for medicinal purposes. But in 1908, state-wide prohibition was enacted by the legislature.

Today—some fifty years later—an almost bucolic peace reigns over Mississippi's wet-dry economy. Here are no gangsters, gunfire, or murders suggestive of the noble experiment of the 1920s. In 1942 the legislature toned down its "bone dry" law to make it "unlawful to have in possession, sell or give away intoxicating liquor," with jail sentences for violators. But since the "possession" clause alone imperils the freedom of thousands, the law is regarded as "jes talk." Two years later, the lawmakers brought order into a potentially chaotic liquor traffic and fattened the state treasury simultaneously. Yet all this has been achieved without yielding one inch to the wicked who would abandon prohibition.

The miracle was wrought during the last war. In 1944 the legislature levied a 10 per cent tax on "any personal property the sale of which is prohibited by law"; a measure designed, as anyone could see, to curb black-market activities. But, alas, no black marketeers could be found. Hence the measure, curiously enough, has been used exclusively as a whiskey tax. Then, since it brought no latter-day Whiskey Rebellion but was enthusiastically embraced by the bootleggers, it was afterward expanded and now amounts to a sales tax of 10 per cent upon wholesalers and 8 per cent upon retailers.

Thus the state has come into amicable treaty relations with its bootleggers, who pay their taxes in the most orderly manner and, being sound businessmen, pass the charge on to their customers. In this arcadia, moreover, the state government, believing that the rich pickings of the whiskey trade ought to go exclusively to deserving home folks rather than to outlanders, does what it can to see that the white and Negro purveyors are of sound native stock and as indigenous to the community as whippoorwill peas.

This halcyon condition of amity between government and business, tax collector and taxpayer, seller and buyer, law enforcement officer and law-breaker happily seems certain to endure. Oklahoma voted wet in April. But Mississippi, I was assured, would remain our only legally dry state. State-wide referendums on the question in 1934 and 1952 brought overwhelming dry majorities, and today only a politically suicidal man would suggest another.

This pleases many chronically thirsty citizens,

because their system enables them to buy their Old Rack and Ruin more conveniently and cheaply than do the unfortunate members of law-and-order communities. One of them said: "Where else can you get your fifth and your tank filled up at the same time without even getting out of the car? And that ain't all. I can buy anything you name cheaper than you can up North or even in Louisiana, where our stuff comes from. Our boys don't need any fine store, advertising, and the likes o' that. They might have to help out the sheriff now and then, but he's got a small family and don't need too much. So a po' man here don't have to drink rogtut that might ruin his health and make him dependent on the county. He can afford a bottle of stamped whiskey."

My informant was perhaps thinking of that unhappy day during the national prohibition era when a number of Mississippians developed "jake paralysis" from Jamaica ginger that contained wood alcohol. These outraged citizens petitioned Congress for compensation on the ground that if the federal government had enforced the prohibition laws they would not have become paralyzed!

At the other end of the spiritual scale from the sinful drinkers are hordes of sin-splittin' preachers. They are content with the order that, as by involuntary reflex, goads them to fiery denunciations before enthralled congregations of "Babylon's harlot sins incarnadine" and to endless struggle with the Devil, who, as one toiler in the vineyard noted, "has been switchin' his tail in this town twenty-four hours a day for forty years."

Mississippi's whiskey purveyors are delighted with the present order, since it assures them of a livelihood free from strife with sheriffs or lethal competition with their colleagues. Their profession, moreover, now time-honored and legislatively, if indirectly, blessed is touched with respectability. Their self-esteem is heightened by the conviction that they render the community an indispensable service. Indeed, the devotion of these enterprisers has endeared them to their customers. When one of them was twice high-jacked in succession and his cargo stolen, he loaded a third cargo and took to the road again because, he said, "Christmas is coming but those folks down at Laurel haven't got a drop, and I'm going to get it to 'em somehow."

The risks here are the greater, since under Mississippi law whiskey, for all that it is taxed by the state, has no property value. There is therefore no recourse against one who may seize it, the law being offended only when the robber takes the bootlegger's truck.

The Mississippi system, small candle that it is,

casts its beams afar to gladden the hearts of strangers. Among them are dwellers in the desert of bordering Alabama local-option dry counties. They come to Mississippi's green and pleasant land, where they find the sweet waters of their heart's desire and return home with fragments of easeful Zion stored in their cars.

No less delighted with the status quo are Louisiana's wholesale liquor distributors. They annually sell more than \$10 million of packaged goods (1958 sales are estimated at \$13 million) to Mississippi dealers. Naturally they stand with these dealers and Mississippi preachers against the ungodly who are the enemies of prohibition.

But it is only through an extraordinary comity between these distributors, the Louisiana Department of Revenue, and the Mississippi authorities, that the latter are enabled to collect taxes fully and smoothly on huge wholesale transactions. Copies of invoices of purchases made by Mississippi dealers are sent by Louisiana to the Mississippi tax collector, and he gathers his due on the basis of the invoices.

The state of Louisiana, mindful of its distributors' valuable business with Mississippi dealers, offers them a considerable inducement. It lays no local taxes on "export" alcohol and no charge

except one of thirty cents a case for "book-keeping." But it profits especially from its geographical location as the nearest to Mississippi's heaviest alcohol-consuming areas. These are the Gulf coast, which is booming as a shipping, ship-building, industrial, fishing, and tourist region; Mississippi River towns such as Vicksburg and Natchez; and the lower Delta, land of big cotton plantations, where party-going and party-giving have always been an essential element of the way of life.

In all these places, for more than fifty years, saloons, bars, and venders of packaged goods have operated with little interruption and, of course, with the approbation of the community; an approbation that some Vicksburgers believe to extend Up Yonder. Else how explain the miracle that set local theologians, white and Negro, to furious disputation? When the tornado of 1953 swept Vicksburg, it flattened every building in one area except a bootlegger's establishment perilously perched on bluffs above the river. Some folks said this was the work of Ole Satan leading the unwary into further devilment. But many shared the bootlegger's view. "Not a bottle in my place was broken," he said. "The good Lord shore was with me."

BEE STINGS CURE ARTHRITIS

BY JAMES L. ROSENBERG

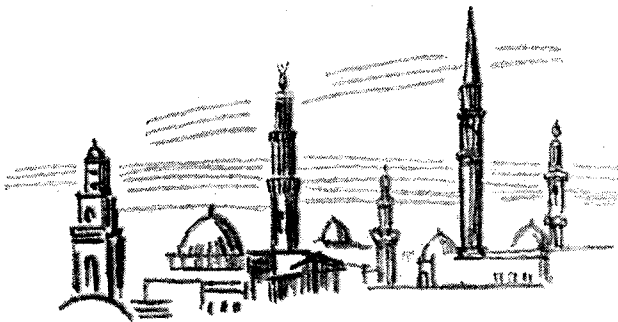
My swollen fingers, gnarled and knotted,
Cramped awkward with intolerable ache,
I bought a farm of snarling bees;
They stung me for salvation's sake.

Strange ease, to purchase through small hurts
Release from larger, crippling pain!
But I have learned a strange adjustment
And count each fiery sting a gain.

And sometimes in the savage orchard
I go to take my hurtful ease
And find a comb of gleaming honey
Left by my fierce redemptive bees.

OLYMPIA KARAGEORGES

CAREER



SHE grew up in my mother's kingdom — our kitchen. When she opened her eyes she didn't look at a white, foamy net but at a row of saucepans, hanging on nails from the edge of a huge shelf — big, less big, small, smaller, smallest. The smallest saucepan, which hung right above her head, and little Zeinab were great friends. She talked to it for hours in sounds that came through her tiny, curly fingers as they zealously tormented her mouth — “bl, bl, bl, bl!” Sometimes the conversation was really funny, and little Zeinab shook feet and hands and head with enjoyment; sometimes it was serious, and then she listened with thoughtful eyes to what the smallest saucepan had to say.

They were good friends, so good that they could even remain silent together. Nobody guessed the tender ties of this friendship till that day when little Zeinab started screaming and crying for no obvious reason at all. Her mother, who was our Egyptian servant at the time, had just finished feeding her. Both mothers, mine and hers, tried their best to calm her down, but Zeinab cried and cried — big tears running down her dark, round cheeks — till her mother put the smallest saucepan back in its place. Immediately, the weeping was subdued to soft, quiet little sobs, and eventually a big rosy smile restored the peace to the turmoiled features. From that day on when the smallest saucepan was being used the smaller

OLYMPIA KARAGEORGES is a Greek student from Egypt who studied at Leland Stanford under Wallace Stegner and who worked at a variety of jobs to support herself while she was writing her thesis. In the letter accompanying her manuscript, she wrote, “Having lived all my life in Egypt and with a Greek background, I know a kind of life that is unique and so beautiful in its warmth and sadness and intensity that I feel it should be known.”

one was put in its place, and little Zeinab never felt lonely again.

She never felt bored either. Through the bars of — no, no, it was not a cradle — through the bars of the basket that had once contained dates, little Zeinab could enjoy the throbbing life that passed in front of her. She watched her mother, Fatma, doing all kinds of interesting things: washing the plates, *clank, clank, clank*, opening the faucet to the end, *fshshshst*, brushing the red tiles of the kitchen floor, with her dress held in a knot under her stomach and her long earrings swinging to and fro. Or she could observe *sitti* Sofia, Mistress Sofia, my mother, in her dressing gown of black-and-white flowers and her long blue apron, racing in circles, puffing the antique gas oven which never worked well, peeling potatoes in a large green pot, eternally scolding Fatma, who had grown used to it and did not answer back.

But there were even more attractions. Every morning our Greek neighbor, Mrs. Stella, in her red dressing gown and straw slippers, came in to ask for an extra egg or lemon. Also Souma, our beautiful rich Egyptian neighbor who was newly married, made her appearance in her white silk robe, coming to consult the yellowish old treasure book of recipes that Mother kept. Sometimes they sent their servant girls, who always stayed gossiping with our own servant about the neighborhood politics, till my mother sent them all away: “*Rouh fil shouhlak* — Go to your work.” Oh, yes! On Saturday mornings there was a special program. The washerwoman came with the red-dyed hair, the tattooed arms, and the red palms and feet; those she dyed with a special paint the formula of which she would not give to any living soul. “*Abadan* — Never!” she pro-

An Atlantic "First"

tested when my mother told her she had a fancy to dye her hands, too. So little Zeinab saw on a level the big tin washing tub and the tattooed arms covered with soapsuds, as they twisted and rubbed the helpless clothes. Sometimes, when the big green pot was placed in front of her, little Zeinab frowned first and then protested violently. It was hiding the view! The view of this colorful, twirling world always covered with warm, rich sunshine.

Little Zeinab never knew that for the first week she was on probation. Mother would not have a baby in her kitchen. For a week, till Fatma found another job (Mother promised to spread the word among her Greek friends), she could bring the baby with her, but not one day more. So little Zeinab, forty-two days after she was born, took her place in a corner of our kitchen under the two ceiling dusters and the smallest saucepan, wrapped in a red rag with a blue stone and a silver hand (to drive away the evil eye) pinned on it.

Her sad story was quickly known by the whole neighborhood. My mother told Mrs. Stella and Souma, who in turn transmitted the news to the rest of the house. Fatma told her servant friends, Aziza and Foufou, who then discussed the matter with the porter, Abdou, and the "boy of our shop" who came every morning at nine to bring the things Mother had written on a piece of paper and thrust into the pocket of my father's gray coat. Zeinab, of course, was completely oblivious of the disaster she was bringing on her poor mother, who had to work in order to support not only herself and the baby but also her husband — "the rascal," as she called him — who was continuously out of a job and into every small café, playing tricktrack and smoking hubble-bubble. To the sad looks that were directed toward her, Zeinab answered with glittering eyes and joyous giggles.

Two days before the deadline, my mother thought that since the baby was going away, she might as well be nice to it. So up went Fatma to the attic at the top of the kitchen, while Mother pushed her into the small door from behind, and down came the heavy trunk with my baby dresses, diapers, and covers which my mother was hopefully keeping for her grandchildren.

The trunk was opened in the middle of the kitchen in the presence of neighbor Stella, her maid, Fatma, my mother, and myself. I felt funny seeing my own baby clothes tried on Zeinab, but I could not help admiring the earnestness of my mother. There she was with rolled-up sleeves, fat and rosy-cheeked, diving into the trunk and bringing out knitted caps, woolen dresses, even tiny white socks.

Zeinab had a good bath — from my mother, if you please — and was changed into my clothes. All white: white dress, white socks, white cap. And then came the revelation. It was suddenly realized that Zeinab had big, black eyes, which seemed as though they wanted to absorb everything they saw and keep it; a very sweet smile adorned with dimples; and the most beautiful curly black hair imaginable. Fortunately, Zeinab did not let the cap hide her curls for long; a few minutes after the toilet was over she started pulling it furiously away, and later she thrust away the socks, too. And there she lay happy, attractive, and free in her date basket.

Mother was conquered. When the probation week came to an end, she announced at lunch, in a voice that tried to sound casual, that the servant with the baby did not bother her at all. And you know, she was a poor woman. Where would she go if Mother sent her away? Besides . . . But my father stopped her abruptly. That was completely out of the question. The baby must leave or Fatma could not stay. It was terribly unhealthy to have a baby — a dirty Egyptian baby — in our kitchen. You know what germs she must carry with her? No, he could not have that. As long as he was master of the house he would not have it. My mother muttered something about being mistress of the kitchen, but this only served to set fire in my father's honest breast. And who, if you please, works from seven o'clock in the morning till ten at night to provide the food? Eh? Standing like a slave all day long!

Mother had an admirable capacity for cunningly telling my father the plain truth, infuriating his ego, and then quietly facing the storm, at the end of which she always had to say, "You are really like gunpowder. I did not say anything wrong, poor me! I'll do just as you like." And so she acted that day. After the last pounding of my father's fist on the table, which set the water and the soup dancing, she consented mildly, "I'll do as you wish. I really didn't mean to make you angry. Why do you take fire so quickly?" Still, later in the afternoon when we were having our coffee after the siesta and Mother sensed that my father was in a less negative mood, she succeeded in persuading him to give an extension of one week to the unfortunate mother and child. Till the maid found another job, she said.

THE easiness with which Mother accepted her defeat made me sure that some scheme was lurking at the back of her head. And I soon found out. The next day was a Saturday and there was no school, so I could join the two women, Fatma and

Mother, in their ten o'clock coffee break — real coffee, heavy, tasty, with much cream. I loved to get lost in their concrete, safe world of beans and washing and recipes. Mother sat on the kitchen chair that had needed to be repainted ever since I could remember, and Fatma sat squatting at her feet. Mother told her again and again to sit on a chair as she was doing, but Fatma would not hear of it. "Are we the same?" Fatma said. "And besides, it's more comfortable on the floor." So they sat and drank their coffee as slowly as they could, discussing their all-important problems.

That Saturday Fatma was told that Father said she had to leave.

"*Yia harapti!* — O disaster!" she shouted and started beating her face and rocking to and fro in despair.

"*Stana yia magnouna* — Wait, you crazy! That's what *he* said, but that's not what *I* say. And whether he likes it or not, *I* am mistress of my kitchen and all that has anything to do with it. And you will stay because this daughter of yours is a sugar." Here my mother stopped, leaned over the baby, and gave her a quick, noisy kiss somewhere on the face. "So here is my plan. He has not seen the baby yet. Not after she got dressed up, anyway. And I know him. I know how he loves babies and how scared he is that we will die someday before we see a grandchild of our own, old as we are." Here she stopped again to throw the usual look of reproach at her impossible daughter, who wanted to continue studying even after she would finish high school and who wanted to become wise and have a career and save the world as though there were no men to do it. "So when he will see Zeinab, he will not be able not to like her, and he will also like the idea of having a baby to play with, and consider it as a grandchild. Wait and you will see. I tell you, I know him well; never mind his shouting."

They arranged to have an accidental meeting. Fatma would carry Zeinab and walk toward the door the moment my father's keys would be heard in the keyhole. I should make it a point to be present and help with the introductions. "Zeinab, this is your master. Master, this is your slave."

As the critical hour came nearer and nearer — quarter to twelve, ten to twelve, five to twelve, three to twelve — we felt more and more nervous. And the worst part of it was that Zeinab caught the nervousness and started crying. Her mother was so desperate that she started beating her. And up went the screams, high up to the black patches of smoke on the ceiling. And the more the baby cried, the more Fatma beat her. Their very livelihood depended on a good impression, and there she was screaming as one possessed by the devil!

The key was heard in the lock, the door opened, my father left his walking stick in the hatstand, but Fatma and my mother had given up. No one moved. Only Zeinab kept sobbing. And in came Father in his gray coat, his black beret, and the rich smell of coffee from the shop all around him.

Fatma looked at my mother, scared to death, my mother looked at me for help, and I looked down at the tin plate filled with water that Father's practical genius had placed at each of the four ends of the kitchen cupboard to drown the ants. There were four ants drowned that day. And I deeply wished I were one of them. Father could be terribly cruel when he lost his temper.

He left on the window sill the bag of oranges that he was carrying, took off his scarf, and leaned over Zeinab. "What is wrong with the baby?" If he only knew! "Ts, ts, ts. *Moro! Ela, ela,*" he started speaking in Greek. He turned to me and asked, "What did you say her name is? Zeinab? Well, Zeinab, what's wrong with you?" The baby had suddenly stopped crying and was looking wonderingly at the wrinkled face and the kind blue eyes that were so close to her. And then bloom! out came her irresistible smile — *ih!* — and legs, hands, black curls, and eyes gave a glorious demonstration of joy, while she grasped the shaky, coarse finger that moved about her eyes. "There, I caught you."

I never saw a happier expression on my father's face. I don't know why I felt so guilty that moment. Maybe because I never was the cause of any such expression. Maybe because I could never be. I knew my mother was looking at me, and I did not turn.

Anyway, my father lifted the baby in his hands high in the air. "Look at that! Peaceful like a lamb! You women, you don't know how to handle babies," he said and walked out of the kitchen with Zeinab in his arms. We women looked at each other and were very happy that we didn't know how to handle babies that very day!

At night while I was lying awake in my bed, I heard my mother whisper to my father, who was reading the newspaper before he went to sleep, "You know, Thanasi, it suits you to be a grandfather." His answer came back tired, "Go to sleep, Sofia."

So Father also was conquered. And so was every one of the morning inhabitants of our kitchen. The servants, the porter, and the boy of our shop never omitted to play with Zeinab, no matter how busy they were. Mrs. Stella, who wished that the baby were less dirty so that she could pinch and kiss her, brought a pillow for the basket, which she made look like a real cradle with a piece

from an old curtain. Souma bought baby powder and a soft, pink brush which Fatma considered a real waste of money.

Zeinab grew up surrounded by much love, an atmosphere of sunshine and noise and smells of cooking food. And every day she grew healthier and more lovely. Her round, dark cheeks had a deep shade of rose in them, her eyes sparkled, and when she teathed she was a real beauty.

When she started crawling, Zeinab realized that the world was larger than our kitchen. She discovered the big mirror in my parents' bedroom, where she looked at her image with eyes twice as big as usual, for deep amazement; the tassels of the carpets in our reception room; the roots of the fern pots in our dining room; and unfortunately my study room also. This room I had succeeded in transforming into an elegant place. I had removed the pictures of all my ancestors — solemn gentlemen with big, round mustaches and hair parted in the middle who answered to the names of The Uncle of Your Grandmother, The Husband of Your Grandfather's Sister, Our Cousin Who Was Killed in the War of Asia Minor — and had given the room a modern air with the help of some paintings and small statues and a new arrangement of the furniture. My father shouted that I was being sacrilegious, but finally he grew used to it. I called it the Red Room, as it had red velvet covers on the armchairs and heavy curtains from the same material. It was somewhat faded, but this to me made absolutely no difference. The Red Room was my retreat from the world of the kitchen and the reception room, and there I spent hours reading novels under my embroidery and my textbooks, writing in my diary, and of course dreaming outside my books and beyond the curtains into the blue or starry sky.

I enjoyed my seclusion till Zeinab's curly head appeared at the bottom of the door. She inspected the room, was satisfied, and proceeded on her four pats to occupy it. I was in front of my desk and she had not seen me yet. "Zeinab, get out!" She stopped, looked at me, smiled — *ih* — changed her direction, and came up to my desk. I let her arrive, then lifted her up and took her to the kitchen. She was spoiling the harmonious effect.

But Zeinab did like my study room, and she did come back. In the end I got tired of turning her out, and I let her stay. The source of attraction, I found out later, was nothing less than me. She sat there watching me while I was reading. I got used to her presence, and she might as well have been a part of the furniture.

Then Zeinab began to take her first steps. She just stood up on her two feet in the kitchen one day and walked toward my father. The last moment she lingered and fell into his wide-open

arms. "Opla! There, you made it, Zeinab." Then she kept going from one end of the kitchen to the other — from my father to my mother — while Fatma watched her with amusement as she washed the dishes. She showed the same quiet amusement when Zeinab stood in the midst of the morning rush and started dancing to the rhythm of the languid Egyptian song that the three loudspeakers of the neighborhood cafés sent up to our apartment on the fourth floor. I happened to be in the kitchen at that moment, and I was deeply amazed. Zeinab had an extraordinary sense of rhythm, and she danced with her whole body. She absorbed the music and brought it out in her agile little legs, the graceful movement of her hands, and the glitter of her eyes and face. My mother and her mother paid some attention to her and then forgot all about it. But I was deeply affected. A secret, sacred bond was created between Zeinab and myself. When she was in my room, I could feel her presence now. And Zeinab, when she danced, kept looking at me. When the maids, my parents, and our visitors, too, laughed and joked about her dance — she performed most willingly — I felt angry and went away.

TIME passed. I was finishing high school, and Zeinab was four years old now. She had become a part of our house. A very dear part. Her bare feet were heard around the house all day long, and she was present at all important events. On my birthdays, dressed in her best dress — usually pink, but always mine — with a big bow in her hair but without shoes, she moved happy and gay like a sun ray among the buzzing crowd of my school friends. On my father's feast she kept peeping behind the kitchen door together with the other servants. On Christmas, Easter, at receptions, and at house gatherings on the terrace on a sunny afternoon, Zeinab somehow was always present.

But Zeinab was also the unwilling observer of unhappy moments. She happened to enter the bedroom when my parents had one of their terrible quarrels; she was there when the house was silent waiting for my father to come back. She was the only one who saw me crying when the crippled boy opposite our house went away; also when my father agreed to let me go to Cairo to continue my studies: "Do as you like, Bitsa mou. We will be alone though. Still, do as you like. God be with you." Zeinab stood in front of the door, holding with one hand the doorknob, and looked very serious.

She was there also the day I left home. I saw her head peering through the iron balcony bars

as I turned to wave good-by before I went into the car.

And time passed again. When I entered our home for the first time since I had left, I felt sad. I was not happy to be back. Between me and my home stood a whole year of life in Cairo with people made out of a different clay, in places which had very little to do with the sun and the joy and the deep emotion of simple life that was our house. Everything was the same: Mother with her unnecessary hurrying, Father with his illusion of being the boss, the fern pots, the washerwoman. Everything was the same; but I had changed.

The first night, after I had said all that my parents could understand, I went into my study room. And there I felt at home. Because there was the beginning of what I was now. The novels that spoke of different worlds, the modern arrangement, the dreams of flight with their promise of happiness.

Zeinab was not there to see me cry, this time. Zeinab had won her independence, too. One day, her mother told me, a group of "famous" acrobats, those who give performances in the streets, came into their neighborhood. As the music played, Zeinab walked into the middle of the circle, came close to the acrobats, and started dancing. The crowd clapped with enthusiasm.

After the show was over, the chief of the troupe came to Fatma and made her a wonderful proposal. They would take Zeinab with them to Cairo, where they would train her to become an acrobat and a dancer—the girl had talent. They would send Fatma two pounds every month, twice as much as she earned in our place. They hadn't sent her any money yet, because they had to pay for Zeinab's clothes at the beginning. But in the future they would, surely they would.

"You know, *sitti* Bitsa, someday maybe she will

earn much money, and then I will not have to work any more." She stopped for a while and dreamed beyond the minaret outside the window.

At table the next day I mentioned the subject. "They are poor people," said my father. "They need the money." "We lost our grandchild too," my mother tried to joke.

When I went to say good-by to Fatma in the kitchen, she was cleaning a table. Without turning her face she asked me to go and see Zeinab in Cairo. "They live in a good street, in a good house, don't be afraid, *sitti* Bitsa. Just go and see if she needs anything. Just, just write to me what she is doing. You know, if . . ." She wiped her eyes with the back of her hand and went on sweeping in larger movements.

I went and saw Zeinab. It was an old miserable street and an old miserable house, as I had expected it to be. I saw Zeinab, but she did not see me. I entered a semidark courtyard, and there she was in red shiny pants trying to keep her balance on a rope. Already she had acquired the serious expression of those whose job is to entertain us. Around her were women and men in gay costumes, trying somersaults against a dirty wall.

Quickly I walked away into the narrow, crowded streets. I was the only European, and I felt the suspicious looks of the natives pressing upon me. But I was not afraid. Zeinab was one of them. Zeinab . . . Oh, God! The worried expression on her face, on our little Zeinab's face, our home's little Zeinab, up there on the rope trying to keep her balance! The hopelessness of that sight, the hopelessness of seeing a part of our home facing the world alone. Of knowing, definitely knowing, that "home" was dead, that my parents did not know it yet, and that someday they would.

ELLESMERELAND

BY EARLE BIRNEY

Explorers say that harebells rise
from the cracks of Ellesmereland
and cod swim fat beneath the ice
that grinds its groaning strand
No man is settled on that coast
The harebells are alone
Nor is there talk of making man
from ice cod bell or stone

BOOKS AND MEN

Brendan Behan is a young Irish dramatist whose play, THE QUARE FELLOW, is a hit off-Broadway and whose latest book, BORSTAL BOY, the record of his experiences in a Liverpool prison at the age of sixteen, has aroused American readers much as did THE ENORMOUS ROOM by E. E. Cummings nearly forty years ago. We turned to ALFRED KAZIN, author and critic, for his appraisal of this rebellious Irish writer.



BRENDAN BEHAN

THE CAUSES GO, THE REBELS REMAIN

BY ALFRED KAZIN

ALTHOUGH the twentieth century is almost three fifths over, it often seems to outsiders, at least, that the Irish manage to live in the nineteenth. Other small countries have not been so lucky. The real predicament of these countries is not how to get freedom from the old imperial states, but how not to be torn apart from within by the long-repressed masses and from without by the great power conflict. But the Irish seem to be where the Italians were during the *risorgimento*. Not only are the six northern Irish counties still out of the Free State, but the world fame of all those Irish writers who could never live at home now sustains among young Irish intellectuals the legend of an Irish literature that is romantically rebellious in the nineteenth-century style. James Joyce dead means more to young Irish writers than James Joyce alive ever meant to their fathers, and the fact that he is on the Index makes the forbidden fruit exciting if not lethal. After all, in many parts of the world it is not books that are banned but the writers themselves. Perhaps it is not injustice the Irish suffer from so much as it is frustration. Causes go; at least they change; the rebels remain.

For Irish writers who were too young for the "troubles" but who are never out of the militantly Irish context, this cultural lag, this constant living in the past, is a real problem; and at least one new Irish writer, Brendan Behan, has capitalized on cultural myths that he himself plainly feels are out of date.

Brendan Behan was born in 1923 to a solidly working-class Irish Republican family with a long tradition of anti-British activity. His father

saw him for the first time from a prison cell during the Civil War, when the Irish Republicans fought against the settlement with Britain; thousands were arrested, and many of them were excommunicated for their adherence to the Irish Republican Army. The Behan men were house painters, and the solidly gregarious, tough, and racy life of the Catholic Irish working class — an experience not shared by the Protestant Yeats or by Joyce, whose father had so many middle-class pretensions — is the element that plunged Brendan Behan into terrorist activity from the age of thirteen and that got him arrested in Liverpool at the age of sixteen. Yet the same background gave Behan the hilarious and cynical freedom from literary convention that is the most rousing thing about his prison memoir, *Borstal Boy*, and his two remarkable plays, *The Quare Fellow* and *The Hostage*. Behan's literary interest lies in his sense of living speech, in his joyous hamming of the Irish personality; he turns his prison memoirs into pure talk, and both plays, somber and even sinister as the situation of a condemned prisoner is, are also hilarious.

The major reason for his present significance lies in the detached sense of himself as a professional young Irishman surrounded by the ghosts and corpses of old causes. His exploitation of this role reminds one of the late Dylan Thomas, who was also a deliberate ham in a world full of literary old ladies who expected every Welshman to sing and to be rapt. What Behan has done, coming in too late to participate in the Irish literary renaissance, is to identify himself not with the abstract cause of art but with the profane and explosive

Photograph by Dennis Hughes-Gilbey.

speech of the streets, the saloons, the prisons. In books, this speech is a literary invention like any other, and Behan, who on principle is excessive in everything, certainly gets tiring. "I was no country Paddy from the middle of the Bog of Allen to be frightened to death by a lot of Liverpool seldom-fed bastards, nor was I one of your wrap-the-green-flag-round-me junior Civil Servants that came into the I.R.A. from the Gaelic League. . . . No, be Jesus, I was from Russell Street, North Circular Road, Dublin, from the Northside where, be Jesus, the . . . whole of this pack of Limeys would be scruff-hounds would be et, bet, and threw up again — et without salt." But only in this way can he perpetuate his disdain of the English middle class, of English severity and gentility and hypocrisy. At the same time, with a sardonic awareness of the contradictory loyalties that a sensitive intelligence is likely to hold, he can mimic in certain overpious Irish Republican diehards their fear of thinking beyond their comfortably stagnant prejudices.

Behan is a complicated and tortured writer, as anyone in his double situation must be. No one who reads *Borstal Boy* with admiration for its open style, its raciness, its savagery, should miss for a moment the ordeal to which this sixteen-year-old boy put himself. He was quite aware of how useless and dangerous his own mission was in planning to bomb English naval installations during the war; yet one cannot easily forget his misery in the Liverpool prison, when he was denied the sacraments by the chaplain because of his refusal to oppose the Irish Republican Army. If people would not automatically think of Brendan Behan as the stage Irishman he himself sometimes tries to be, if they would read his autobiography not as the undiluted eloquence it strives for but as the illuminating self-portrait of a young man born out of his time, they would realize better not only the real power in this book but also its subtle literary limitation, for Behan's work is created by will.

These contradictions, the conflict in his heart, explain why Behan trusts to speech for the representation of everything. *Borstal Boy* is an autobiography based on dialogue — an extraordinary feat not so much of memory as of control. By putting every reminiscence into speech, Behan avoids a formal evaluation of experience in favor of rudimentary characterization; it is his way of suspending final judgment, of retaining his contradictions. It is not only Behan's dramatic flair, his obvious feeling for everything that has to do with the stage, that is important to his dialogue; it is the inescapable impression he leaves of mimicry. He is the clown of his own Irishness. *Borstal Boy* opens with his landlady shrieking up

the stairs that the police have come for him: "Oh God, oh Jesus, oh Sacred Heart. Boy, there's two gentlemen to see you." Five pages later, we are told that "This landlady was mean and barren as a bog. Her broken windows would be a judgment on her for the cheap sausages and margarine she poisoned her table with, for she was only generous with things that cost little in cash . . . you would think half the men in Liverpool were running after her, panting for a lick of her big buck teeth."

Yet *Borstal Boy* is a memoir; the author is his own most important character, and not only is everything seen through himself as the center, but everyone else is a mere shadow, described as a passing type. There are no developed characters in Behan's work — not even in his plays, wonderfully dramatic as they are. It is typical of Behan's generation that his sense of other people is hurried and sardonic; people, though they are given names, are passing Englishmen, warders, laborers, convicts, and the rest. This dense sociological crowd, this mass and mess of people — this is how a truly contemporary eye often does see human beings today. And given the Irish sense of fun, which creates in mimicry the parody of one's outworn but unaltered cultural role, the result is a yeasty mixture: deflation of the pompous, a slightly hysterical reaching after the obscene, and what is most solid in Behan's work, the Irish workingman's sense of what life is really like. He describes the doctor in the Liverpool prison; while Behan had to stand naked before him, he "set his lips and spoke through them, like an English officer in a film about the Khyber Pass," and a warder gave him a rectal examination "with the usual appearance of British official detachment." His description of the prison itself is decisive:

All the time it was cold and black. In the morning the slate floor was freezing cold, and over the whole huge wing was a cold smell of urine and bad air, like a refrigerated lavatory.

It seemed to me the English were very strong on washing and cold, but not so much on air and cleanliness. Like the well-tubbed and close-shaven looks of the screws — cruel and foul-spoken, but always precise and orderly.

From his own position, as a professional Irish rebel, he can see the fun of people being carried away by their roles. The prison chaplain got so enthusiastic talking about the Christmas spirit to the half-starved convicts that he pictured for them plum pudding, cigars, and the "foaming" glass of ale; in describing the Borstal (in England, a reformatory) institution to which he was finally sent, Behan reports a speech by the local colonel who forgot that he was addressing young

prisoners and talked to them as if they had all been at Eton together. It is this instinct for the ridiculous that gets into his mother's account of why Oscar Wilde was sentenced to prison; apparently she did not know what Wilde had done and described him as another Irish revolutionary whose sexual passion had given the English an excuse for disgracing him: "His downfall — they brought him down the same as they did Parnell." Behan, always looking for "a read," saw in prison a copy of Gibbon: "I'd heard it was on the Index, but that is not always a recommendation, I'd discovered, for so was *The Cricket on the Hearth*." The professional pugnacity that got him into trouble for defending the I.R.A. against the prison chaplain — "Me blood was up and me country in me knuckles" — has, on its other side, a shrewdness and a refusal to carry a quarrel beyond human limitations: "in two months Walton Jail had made me very anxious for a truce with the British. I had come to the conclusion, not only that everything I had ever read or heard in history about them was true, but that they were bigger and crueller bastards than I had taken them for, lately."

The description of the Borstal institution itself, the North Sea Camp, is relatively peaceful and idyllic; here Behan was in a remarkably well-run institution, and he had a chance at physical labor such as he was used to, with workingmen of his own class. Describing a young upper-middle-class English boy in the camp who tried to run away, Behan notes shrewdly: "He was dead lonely; more lonely than I and with more reason. The other fellows might give me a rub about Ireland . . . and I was never short of an answer, historically informed and obscene, for them. But I was nearer to them than they would ever let Ken be. I had the same rearing as most of them, Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, London. All our mothers had all done the pawn — pledging on Monday, releasing on Saturday. . . . as the middle class and upper class in England spend so much money and energy in maintaining the difference between themselves and the working class, Ken was only getting what his people paid for but, still and all, I couldn't help being sorry for him, for he was more of a foreigner than I."

This working-class heritage, by drawing Behan to his mates in prison, deepened his sense of irony about the political Irish cause; returning to hard

physical labor gave him an exhilarating sense of reality again. He describes himself at work in the fields in a line that might have come out of one of Dylan Thomas' poems: "The sweat came from me, easy and freely, and I breathed with my stroke like a swimmer." The workingman's sense of his job, the feeling that people who work with their hands have earned a respite from genteel convention — it is this, and not the professional Irishness, that so often gives the authentic vitality to Behan's book. In his eyes it is perhaps only the workingman who still knows what real life is; other classes just play roles.

In Behan's new play, *The Hostage*, a disenfranchised old Irish revolutionary, Pat, explains why he jeers "at the boys": "The H-Bomb. I'm nervous of it. It's such a big bomb it's after making me scared of little bombs. The I.R.A. is out of date and so is the R.A.F. So is the Swiss Guard and the Foreign Legion, the Red Army, the United States Marines, the Free State Army." When a crazed old Irish patriot (significantly half-English) comes in playing the bagpipes and talking Gaelic, Pat laughs: "That's Irish. Isn't it great for them that has an Oxford University education. God help me, I'm only a poor ignorant Dublin man. I wouldn't understand a word of it." And when a young whore is shocked by his raillery of the old cause, Pat says: "Why are you getting so upset about Ireland? Where the hell were you in nineteen-sixteen when the real fighting was going on?" She answers, "I wasn't born," and he throws up his hands: "You're full of excuses!"

Behan's evident cynicism extends even to his new profession, literature. It is clear from the jeering theatrical shrewdness with which he sets his plays, as from the "Irishness" of style in his memoir, that Behan's future is unpredictable. Just as *Borstal Boy* tends to peter out, so the plays, powerful in stagecraft as they are, tend to be too manipulative and deliberate. There is a constant suggestion in Behan's work that the laughter which supports despair does not always hide despair. But Behan's is the despair of an authentic predicament, of the actualities of life at the present time. He is our true contemporary. Though he has come to realize how many faiths are outworn, he is to be saluted for his honesty and power — and above all, for his gaiety in the face of so many cultural and human losses.



BOOKS AND MEN

Editor of an anthology of contemporary French poetry and author of a critical study of James Joyce, JEAN PARIS is one of France's leading Shakespeare scholars. He has written two books on the Elizabethan dramatist and has adapted scenes from his plays for Jean-Louis Barrault's repertory theater. His interpretations have had a profound influence on the staging of Shakespeare's plays in France, notably in the case of Gabriel Monnet's production of *HAMLET*.

THE THREE SONS IN *HAMLET*

BY JEAN PARIS

IT is difficult, André Gide once said, "to imagine a text more super-subtle and crafty, more full of ambiguities, snares, and pitfalls" than *Hamlet*. This is certainly no exaggeration. For some three centuries countless poets, critics, scholars, philosophers, and psychologists have sought to explore every nook and cranny of *Hamlet's* endless labyrinth of meaning, but the only points on which any of them seem to be able to agree are that it is a masterpiece of pessimism whose central figure is a procrastinating prince. Yet even these are points which are still vigorously debated to this day.

Now it is evident that the interpretation of a play will vary according to the point of view from which you approach it. Most interpretations of *Hamlet* have been centered on Hamlet himself, with lesser degrees of attention being lavished on Claudius, Gertrude, Ophelia, Laertes, and the other characters in descending order. These interpretations have been, we might say, "Hamlet-centric." More than a hundred years ago Goethe in his *Wilhelm Meister* was already inveighing against this tendency and denouncing "the error of judging a play in terms of a single role, and of not considering this role itself in relationship with the whole." For no dramatist are these warning words more appropriate than for Shakespeare. Almost all his plots are of an extraordinary intricacy and complexity, and it is characteristic of his plays that his protagonists are as much governed by the dramatic structure of the events in the midst of which they move as these are determined by the temperament and actions of the protagonists themselves. In virtually every one of his plays the characters are subject to natural and supernatural forces which are imposed from the outside — like the fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the witches in *Macbeth*, Ariel in *The Tempest*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*.

Let us take this last as a starting point. The role of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, as everyone knows, is to announce to young Hamlet that his father was murdered by his brother, Claudius. This, in the accepted view of the play, is the real beginning of the tragedy. But in the very opening scene, and before the Ghost has spoken, we are given an inkling of the fact that the tragic cycle goes back further than that. When the two sentinels, Marcellus and Bernardo, wish to know why the kingdom is in such a frenzy of military preparation, Horatio explains to them that some time before, the late king, Hamlet, had taken on Fortinbras, king of Norway, in single combat, had slain him and annexed a large portion of his lands. To regain them young Fortinbras, his son, "of unimproved mettle hot and full," was now busy gathering together a force of "lawless resolute,"

and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Strange as it may seem, I know of no major Shakespeare critic or scholar who has given to this speech of Horatio's the attention it would seem to deserve. This is all the more extraordinary in that it occurs at the very beginning and was apparently intended to point up the genesis, the "original sin," in the fateful cycle of events that make up the tragedy of *Hamlet*. If we want proof of this, we can find it in the gravedigger's scene in the last act. When asked by Hamlet how long he has been digging graves, the gravemaker replies:

I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet
overcame Fortinbras . . . the very day that young
Hamlet was born — he that is mad, and sent into
England.

There is no reason to suppose that Shakespeare gave the gravedigger these pregnant lines to establish an odd coincidence. It seems clear enough that in this scene, one of the most meaningful in the entire play, the gravedigger speaks not just for himself, but for inexorable destiny. Prior to this he asks of his fellow gravedigger: "What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?" and he answers his own question: "A grave-maker. The houses he makes last till doomsday." The crucial importance of this scene seems to lie in the fact that it is a symbolic anticipation of the final laying to rest of the tragic cycle of unrest first unleashed by Hamlet's father,

the King

That was and is the question of these wars,

as Bernardo says in the first scene.

Far from being the first victim of an act of violence, King Hamlet is himself the first slayer of another's father and the conqueror of another's lands. This helps to throw some light on the Ghost's cryptic reference to his previous "foul crimes done in my days of nature." The slaying of their king and the annexation of their lands could only have appeared to the Norwegians as a crime, no matter how valorous an act it may have seemed to the Danes, and for Fortinbras' son such an act called inexorably for vengeance. Even Horatio seems to imply as much, for in recalling these events and "our valiant Hamlet" (the late king) he adds: "(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)" as much as admitting that others on earth, no less than in heaven, might feel differently about him.

The action in *Hamlet*, therefore, really begins with the slaying of Fortinbras' father rather than with the murder of Hamlet's father. It is this which gives *Hamlet* its quality of ineluctable tragedy. In the complex scheme of events that have occurred prior to the raising of the curtain, there are wrongs to be righted that cannot simply be atoned for by the killing of Claudius. Such an act would avenge Hamlet's father, but it would not avenge the elder Fortinbras. Young Hamlet himself must die in order to redeem the initial injustice committed by his father in making an orphan and a landless prince of Fortinbras the younger.

The slaying of a man in single combat cannot, of course, be equated in terms of villainy with the poisoning of a sleeping brother. There is quite a gulf separating King Fortinbras' death on the battlefield from Claudius' fratricide. But we should not forget that the Elizabethans had a sense of morality, justice, and destiny that was considerably different from ours. The death of a kinsman, and above all of a father, on the battle-

field as elsewhere was an act of violence calling for revenge, no matter how fairly or honorably it might have been inflicted. In *Henry VI*, for example, justice constantly passes from the House of York to the House of Lancaster and vice versa, each successive vengeance for a previous slaying rendering the dialectic of destiny more and more implacable. In *Romeo and Juliet* a duel is considered as much of an evil as murder, and when Tybalt kills Mercutio, Romeo immediately feels it his duty to avenge his kinsman by killing Tybalt. In this conception of things destiny is implacable, and a valorous act can engender a tragic cycle of war and vengeance no less than a crime. In killing King Fortinbras, King Hamlet may have acquitted himself honorably and for the welfare of Denmark, but his action nonetheless unleashed the fateful drama from which the younger Fortinbras was destined to emerge triumphant.

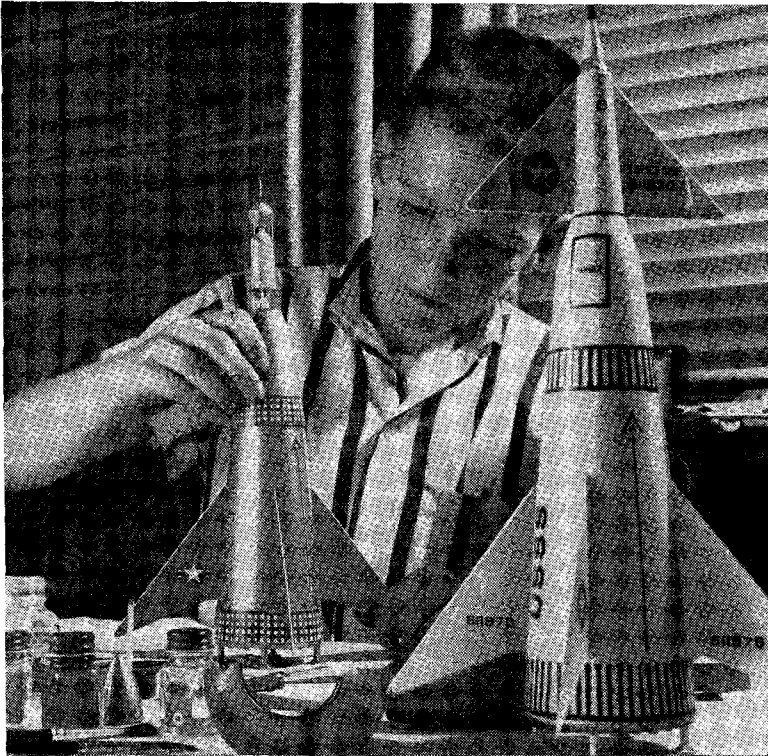
PROPERLY considered, then, *Hamlet* is the final phase in a three-act tragedy begun by the slaying of Fortinbras, continued by the murder of Hamlet's father, and further complicated by the killing of Polonius. This last event is, as Victor Hugo was the first to see, one of the crucial moments in the play. "All of Shakespeare's plays, with only two exceptions — *Macbeth* and *Romeo and Juliet* —" he remarked in his book *William Shakespeare*, "that is, thirty-four plays out of thirty-six, present a strange peculiarity . . . this is the double nature of the action in each drama, in which the larger is reflected in the small. Beside the storm in the Atlantic there is the storm in the water-glass. Thus Hamlet makes alongside of him another Hamlet; he kills Polonius, Laertes' father, and here is Laertes in the same situation that he is in vis-à-vis Claudius. There are two fathers to avenge, and there might well have been two ghosts."

There is, indeed, a troubling similitude between Hamlet and Laertes. If we look closely at their relationship, we note that it passes through three distinct phases. In the first, the two are bound together by a certain rivalry regarding Ophelia, a rivalry which seems to have been a source of some concern to Hamlet, since he twice accuses Ophelia of betraying him and of obeying another's will. Similarly Laertes is bent from the start on ending the romance between the prince and his sister.

This first phase is followed by a second, a strange period of storm and eclipse, in which Laertes absents himself from Elsinore to go abroad, while Hamlet "alienates himself," as it were, by assuming the actions and words of a

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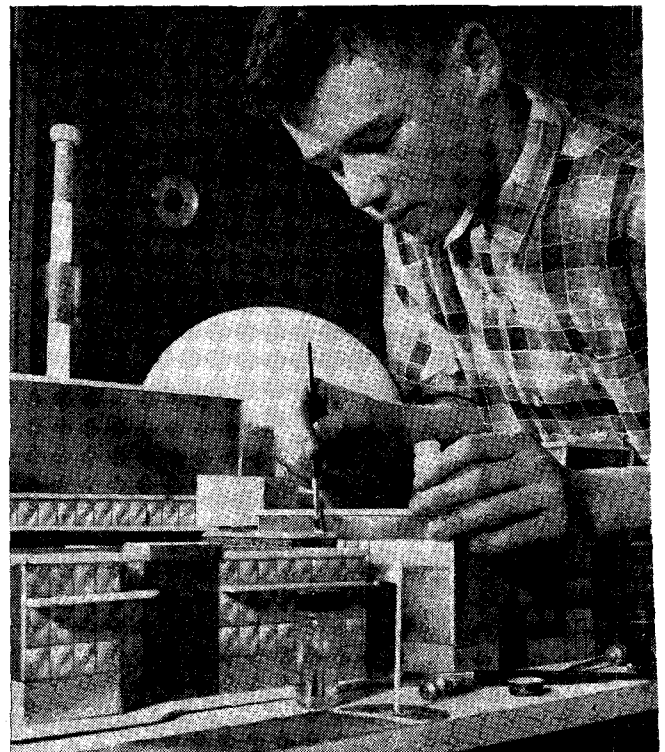
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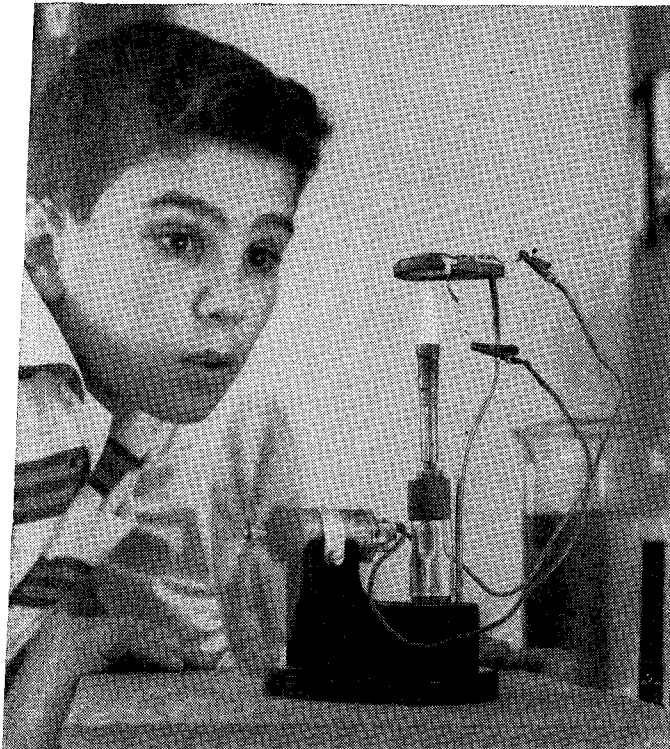
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madman. It is in this twilight period that Hamlet, suspected by Laertes and distrusted by the rest of the court, realizes the full depth of his isolation and distress and ends by accidentally avenging himself on one of its artisans — Polonius. This period of rupture and separation is then followed by a third phase of identification, which begins with an extremely significant act — when the two leap into the same grave during Ophelia's burial. It continues with such strange phrases as this one of Hamlet's: "by the image of my cause I see the portraiture of his"; and it culminates in a duel, a mutual forgiveness, and a twin transfiguration.

Thus, beneath the evident disparities distinguishing these two heroes, there lurks a profound kinship; the same duty weighs upon them, the same love haunts them, the same end awaits them. The one great difference between them lies in their attitude toward the murder of their respective fathers. Whereas Hamlet ponders his revenge at length, Laertes rushes recklessly at his and makes himself the blind instrument of Claudius' wiles. The two are, indeed, complementary opposites, like two detached halves of an integrated personality. Symbolically speaking, Hamlet is the incarnation of conscience more or less bereft of action, while Laertes is the embodiment of action more or less bereft of thought. And behind and midway between them looms Fortinbras, in whom the halves are reunited and in whom these contradictions are triumphantly summed up.

Viewed in this light, the observation of Hugo, astute though it is, is obviously incomplete. In saying that there are "two fathers to avenge," he forgot Fortinbras' father. The truth is that there are not two, but three fathers to be avenged. There are also lands and a throne to be won. If Fortinbras ends by winning them, it is because he shares what is essential in the roles and virtues of his "brothers." Like Hamlet, he is the son of a slain monarch and subjected to the authority of an uncle; like Laertes, he is a man of action in word and deed. Above all, he is the predestined victor because only by regaining his father's lost lands can he re-establish the original order of things and restore concord and unity to a world of division and chaos.

Thus the three sons are linked together in this play by a common duty — the vengeance of their fathers — and they may be said to represent three different aspects of one type: the Son.

IN THE original *Hamlet* saga, as recorded by Saxo Grammaticus, there is no such person as Laertes,

nor Fortinbras either. Ophelia is Hamlet's foster sister, and Hamlet himself perishes at the end in a battle with another uncle. Laertes, therefore, is an original invention of Shakespeare's and obviously created to be a foil, a violent contrast to the brooding, pensive prince.

This scission of a once single and harmonious person, family, or estate into two distinct and warring halves is a significant feature of many Shakespeare plays. Its most perfect geometric exemplification, perhaps, is in *The Comedy of Errors*, where the merchant Egeon and his wife Emilia are separated by a shipwreck, the father regaining Syracuse with one of his twin sons and another adopted one, while the mother with her other twin and the twin of the adopted son makes her way to Ephesus, which is at war with Syracuse. Only after many vicissitudes and adventures are the two disjointed halves of the family once again happily reunited, and its pristine harmony restored. The same pattern of divorce can be found in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where the conflict between Oberon and Titania plunges the mortals into multiple errands and aberrations that are only dissipated when the strife of the gods is ended.

Shakespeare's predilection for this pattern of unity, scission, and reunion was not accidental. This symbolism had become fashionable at the time Shakespeare was writing his greatest tragedies through the philosophy of the Rosicrucians, which had just been introduced into England. The leading English exponent of this form of occultism was Robert Fludd. According to Fludd, in the beginning of things there reigned a state of unity called the *Ain Soph*: a state characterized by nothingness, the unknowable, the absolute. All creation springs from the original void by a series of divisions engendering being. God himself proceeds from it, and following his self-revelation he divides everything into two basic principles: *volutas*, the active, luminous, masculine principle, and *nolutas*, the passive, dark, feminine principle. From the mating of these two opposites are born primordial matter, chaos, and by successive differentiations, the three alchemical substances (sulphur, mercury, and salt), the four elements, and finally all the varied creatures and things that make up our teeming world. As the end products of this cosmic genesis, Nature, Beasts, and Men constitute the lowest creations in a hierarchy that loses itself in the eternal. Whence the necessity of a liberating metamorphosis through death which, by dissolving matter, frees the divine fire inhabiting it. Like Jesus, we must die in the flesh so as to live again in the spirit. Creation, fall, and redemption are the three great acts in the drama of the universe, repeated in nature by the cycle of



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the seasons and in human society by the accession of each new king.

This symbolism is, of course, one that has appeared in various forms in a number of religions and myths, as, for example, in the medieval myth of the Knights of the Holy Grail — Percival, Gawain, and Galahad. In the case of *Hamlet* it is applied not just to young Hamlet, who is at war with himself and with Laertes, but to society as a whole. Beginning with a profound corruption in the existing nature of men and things — “there is something rotten in the state of Denmark” — Shakespeare leads us through spiritual strife, dissension, and war toward an ultimate purification and recapture of the pristine state of innocence. Hamlet’s world is the rotten world destined to return to dust, while Fortinbras’ is the “shape of things to come,” perfect once more in its order, unity, and purity. This double movement of fall and redemption is accentuated throughout the play by a violent antagonism of images, as, for example, in these words of Hamlet’s:

I have of late — but wherefore I know not — lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o’erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire — why, it appeareth no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust?

A British scholar, D. S. Savage, has shown how Hamlet’s speeches contain many allusions to alchemical processes, and how his reflections take the form of an “inverted transmutation,” whereby a kingdom is transformed into a prison, glory into mire, monarch into beggar. Yet to this we should add that such a degradation is here the precondition for a greater good. The science of alchemy taught that matter, like spirit, must first be vilified before attaining its final purity. All must rot and rust in order to be changed to gold. In accordance with the logic inherent in tragedy, pain and horror must reach their ultimate exasperation so that from the very excess there may issue an ultimate salvation. Thus we find in Fortinbras’ apotheosis that catharsis which Aristotle held to be the supreme function of the theater. Past the night of terror man finds himself restored to his first powers, to the prerogatives of his semidivinity. Issuing from hell he finds once more the harmony, the sense, the universal plenitude of justice. In

Hamlet all is summed up, redeemed, regenerated in Fortinbras, so that to reduce him to an insignificant figure, or still more to leave him out entirely, as Laurence Olivier did in his film version of the play, is to upset and to destroy the deep symbolic meaning of this great tragedy.

It may well be asked why, if Fortinbras plays such a crucial role in *Hamlet*, he was only given a few unimportant lines by Shakespeare and was allowed to appear but twice upon the stage. But here again we catch a glimpse of Shakespeare’s instinctive genius. Like the Ghost, who conjures up the past, Fortinbras, who embodies the future, is for the most part invisible, yet he haunts the play from beginning to end. Like the future he is ever on the horizon of the present, dimly but inexorably felt, until the moment comes when, like a *deus ex machina*, he must put a final seal to the tragedy. That this is so even Hamlet seems vaguely to sense, for as he dies he requests that Fortinbras be made his legitimate successor:

But I do prophesy th’ election lights
On Fortinbras. He has my dying voice.

To which Fortinbras a few lines later replies:

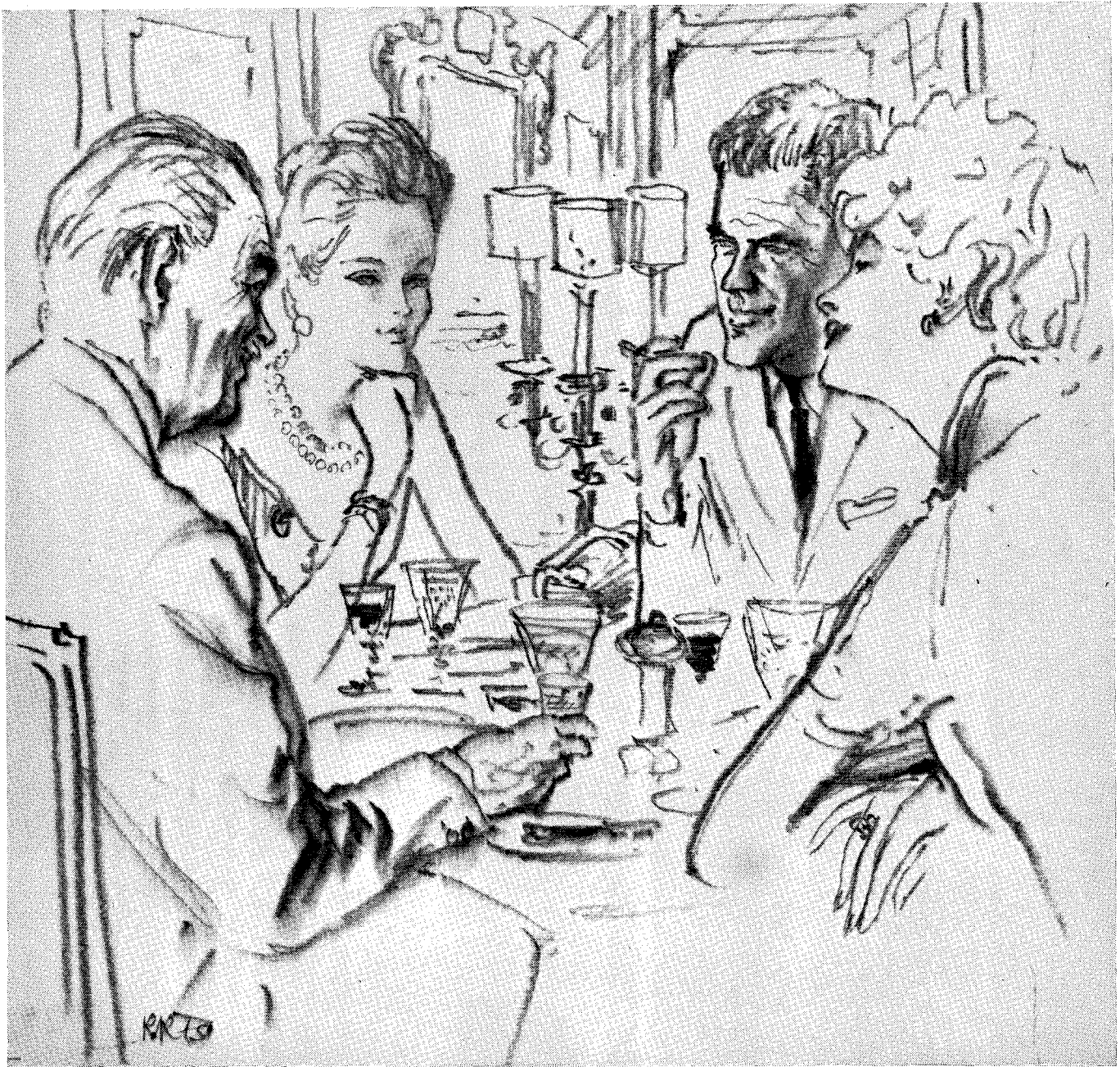
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune.
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Thus the tragic cycle is finally buried in an apotheosis of reconciliation.

THIS dialectic of fall and redemption can be found in all of Shakespeare’s historical dramas. Here the moral of history is the eternal degradation of mankind. In triumphing over a corrupt king, a prince regenerates the kingdom. The welfare of the kingdom itself seems bound to this periodic sacrifice, to this cycle of ritual death and resurrection. The Father must die, so that the Son may live and reign.

Such is the symbolic cycle of things that we find also in *Hamlet*. Unlike most of Shakespeare’s historical dramas, the prince who triumphs here is not the legitimate pretender, but a foreign prince, Fortinbras, alien to the House of Denmark. But his accession to the throne, if anything, accentuates the ultimate redemption of the kingdom’s rotten condition. For so corrupted has the dynasty become by the end of the play that we find Laertes suddenly become the hero of a popular revolt and envisaging the overthrow of Claudius and the seizure of the throne.

Thus the three sons, the ambitious Fortinbras, the impetuous Laertes, and the luckless Hamlet, who has been cheated out of his kingship, are



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linked by a common aspiration for the throne. Each in his own way is confronted with a struggle to free himself from the bondage of the past by assuming the control of the morrow. The three are linked, not only by the duty of avenging their slain fathers, but by their need to find their own liberation from it. Hamlet, Laertes, and Fortinbras may thus be regarded as three affirmations of the Son against the Father, of the future against the past.

To grasp the fundamental import of this symbolism we must remember that Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet* around 1603, at the very end of the Renaissance. By that date the medieval conception of the universe, society, and man had crumbled beneath the hammer blows of at least three great demolishers. The old geocentric order had been shattered by Copernicus, the moral order undermined by Montaigne, the political order destroyed by Machiavelli. This triple convulsion in the accepted scheme of things explains in large measure the violence and uncertainty that finds its dramatic expression in the Elizabethan theater. From Thomas Kyd to Webster, from Marlowe to John Ford, the tumult of this upheaval fills the air with clamors of desperate doubt and dread. This is an age in which the old order is dying. Nothing is absolutely certain, absolutely sacred, absolutely immutable, absolutely eternal any more. All is in flux, doomed to perdition, but also to rebirth.

As perhaps it is given to only one work in any century to express, *Hamlet* is the epic portrayal of this renaissance apocalypse. But its crowning glory and significance lie precisely in the fact that the doubt and anxiety it so splendidly depicts eventually find their term. Amidst the longing for an order that has vanished and given way to confusion, this play emerges as a supreme effort to recover man's power of affirmation. For if in the image of the slain Father is to be seen the symbolism of the old, moribund medieval order, in the figure of the triumphant Son can be found the presage of the new. Supreme expression of a cosmic, spiritual, and social transition, *Hamlet* is the dramatization of this metamorphosis of civilization, from the death of one to the birth of another.

Far from being a somber masterpiece of nihilism, as it has sometimes been accused of being, it marks in Shakespeare's works, and for the Elizabethan theater as a whole, the decisive turning point where despair, pushed to its paroxysm, turns back upon itself. The dying Hamlet is born again in Fortinbras, thus prefiguring the mystique of *The Tempest* — the mystery of reconciliation and the final triumph of human reason and virtue.

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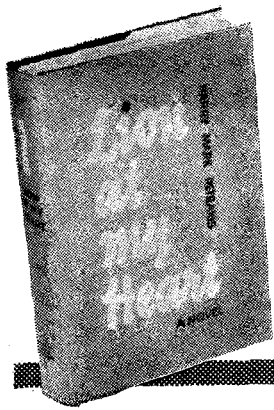
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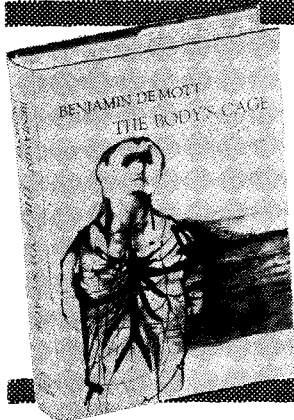
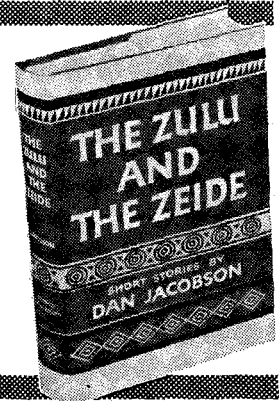


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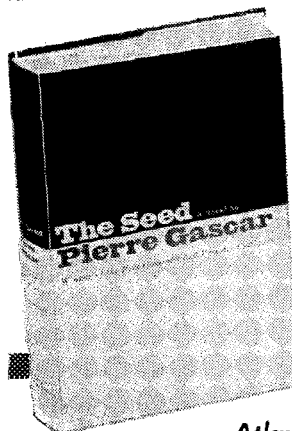
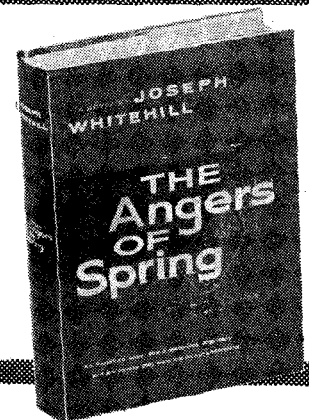


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Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

In the saga of three generations of the O'Neill family — the subject of *THE CURSE OF THE MISBEGOTTEN* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.00), a biography written by CROSWELL BOWEN with the cooperation of SHANE O'NEILL, the playwright's younger son — there is an uncannily repetitive pattern of unhappiness and disaster. The recurring motifs — which are also the motifs of Eugene O'Neill's dramas — are alcoholism, drug addiction, broken marriages, estrangement between father and children, a nostalgia for death. In his preface, Mr. Bowen says: "I became obsessed with the idea that here was a family on whom a terrible curse rested, and I wanted to . . . learn about that curse."

A belief in curses is hardly a promising perspective from which to explore the emotional blight that plagued the O'Neills; and it seems to me a measure of Mr. Bowen's naïveté that he announces he failed to locate any recorded malediction. Fortunately his biography, while it is devoid of clinical insight, is a splendid job of documentation and vivid chronicling. Its subject has the compelling qualities of a myth. Within it, there is a multitude of dramas, each of them singular, drastic, and painfully fascinating. And Bowen has reconstructed them fully, boldly, and with an enthralling immediacy.

As the record unfolds, the sources of the "curse" of the O'Neills come plainly into view. Eugene's father, James, spent much of his life on tour (with his family), forever playing the same profitable but meretricious role in *The Count of Monte Cristo*. His well-bred and intensely pious wife found herself dropped by her own society for marrying an actor and would have nothing to do with the society

of the theater. Thus Eugene grew up with a gnawing sense of having no home, no social identity; and he and his brother felt that their father ("the bogtrotter") denied them the love and the sympathetic guidance they needed. In his maturity, Eugene said that he felt "alone and above and apart . . . a stranger . . . who did not really want and [was] not really wanted, who can never belong."

The same tormenting sense of isolation and rejection drove one of his sons to suicide and the other to drugs and defeat. Eugene Jr. was twelve years old before he even learned that O'Neill was his real father; Shane and Oona were more or less abandoned when O'Neill divorced his second wife to marry Carlotta Monterey. Eventually he refused even to see his children and excluded them from his will, which left all of his considerable estate to his wife. Carlotta Monterey is still alive, and Bowen's references to her are of necessity circumspect, but her actions give us clues to what is left unsaid; and it is apparent that yet another strange drama in O'Neill's life will someday come to light.

The Curse of the Misbegotten keeps in the foreground O'Neill's work and career in the theater, but it is not intended to be a critical study: it does not venture far beyond summaries of the plays and straightforward verdicts, which on the whole recognize O'Neill's deficiencies as well as his strengths. His view of life was raw, sentimental, and pessimistic in an adolescent manner, and his craftsmanship was often over-emphatic. If he is our outstanding dramatist, it is because, as Harold Clurman has put it, "He is the one American playwright who has consistently written as an artist. . . . He has always come to the theater to say deeply felt things which are part of a personal problem that is at the same time a general problem. . . . O'Neill is not a great 'writer'; he is a playwright of a very high order. His 'atmosphere' is more telling than his verbiage — and that atmosphere is the very stuff of the theater."

ELIOT'S THEATER

In HUGH KENNER's critical study, *THE INVISIBLE POET: T. S. ELIOT* (McDowell, Obolensky, \$5.00), there is an illuminating discussion of

Eliot's recent plays, the latest of which is **THE ELDER STATESMAN** (Far-rar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.75). Mr. Kenner is an extremely learned and ingenious critic whose previous work, by and large, has struck me as rich in pretentiousness and obscurantism. His book on Eliot is a study for the specialist, and a reviewer pressed for space cannot come to grips with it decently. But the final chapter on Eliot's theater is sharp, succinct, and exceptionally interesting — an admirable piece of criticism — and by way of preface to *The Elder Statesman* I propose to summarize briefly some of its findings.

The Eliot play, Mr. Kenner observes, is on its way to becoming a distinct dramatic genre, in which "a special language, a corresponding moral climate, and a whimsically melodramatic plot irradiate one another's possibilities." What is special about the language is its "inimitable explicitness." Eliot's people talk with preternatural efficiency and wit, as though people were capable of saying exactly what they wanted; and as they talk, they advance toward a discovery of their real identity. Eliot has cunningly contrived a stage verse "which shall set the characters free" and enable him to construct his plot around the theme of self-discovery and liberation. In these plots, the unemphatic use of incidents in which one is not really expected to believe directs attention to the inner drama. At the beginning we see only what is normally seen in the drawing room, and a person's drawing-room personality is normally an invention. But the invention is challenged by the return of ghosts — a woman who knows the secret of the character's parentage or people who have shared the past which his contrived self has obliterated. And in the third act, the character comes to terms with some hitherto elusive self — joins a religious nursing order or drops a financial career to become a church organist.

In *The Elder Statesman*, the eminent Lord Claverton, a widower who has just retired from public life because of failing health, is suddenly confronted by two accusing figures from his past. Fred Culverwell — an ex-forgery who emigrated to Central America, transformed himself into Federico Gomez, and made a fortune — knew Claverton at Oxford and was in his car the night

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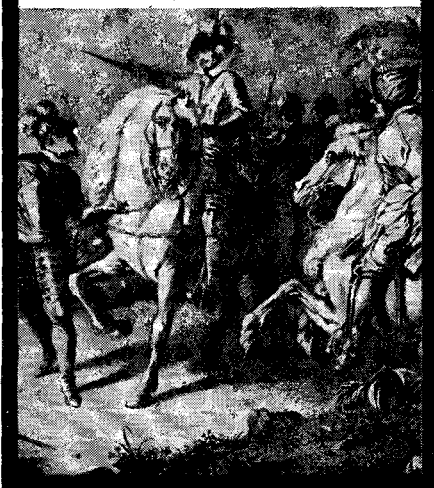
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Claverton ran over a man and failed to stop. Gomez claims that Claverton was the author of his corruption: that he took up a poor undergraduate whose admiration tickled his love of power and led him on to form expensive tastes beyond his means. Mrs. Carghill, formerly Maisie Montjoy, had an affair with Claverton, her first, when she was a very young actress; and she feels he betrayed her love by letting his father buy her off. These suavely vindictive ghosts are seeking a subtle revenge: what they want is not money but Claverton's "friendship" — the pleasure of his company. If he refuses it, they will discredit him in the eyes of his children — Monica, who is so devoted to him that she cannot bring herself to leave him to marry the man she loves, and Michael, who bitterly resents the high standards he has been expected to live up to.

But Claverton outfaces his blackmailers. He makes a full confession to his children, and he recognizes that he has always wanted to dominate them and others — has used people to bolster his pretenses. By confession and contrition, he exorcises the ghosts which, he realizes, have "always been with me." And though his son rejects him and he knows that he is close to death, he feels at peace: "I've only just now had the illumination/Of knowing what love is. . . ./ In spite of everything, in defiance of reason,/ I have been brushed by the wing of happiness."

The Elder Statesman has not, I think, the tantalizing brilliance or the originality of *The Cocktail Party*, but it is a highly satisfying and entertaining work. Certainly the mel-lowest of Eliot's plays, it speaks continually of love, and, in contrast to its predecessors, it proclaims that human love can be self-sufficient, provided that the parties to it have shown their true self to each other. *The Elder Statesman* is also the most unambiguous of Eliot's plays. It affirms that we cannot escape the past or ultimately evade responsibility; and that to find "the truth that shall set you free," we must strip ourselves of all pretenses.

LAST WORDS

For all his cult of sincerity, the late **ANDRÉ GIDE** was a master of the art of calculated self-revelation; his

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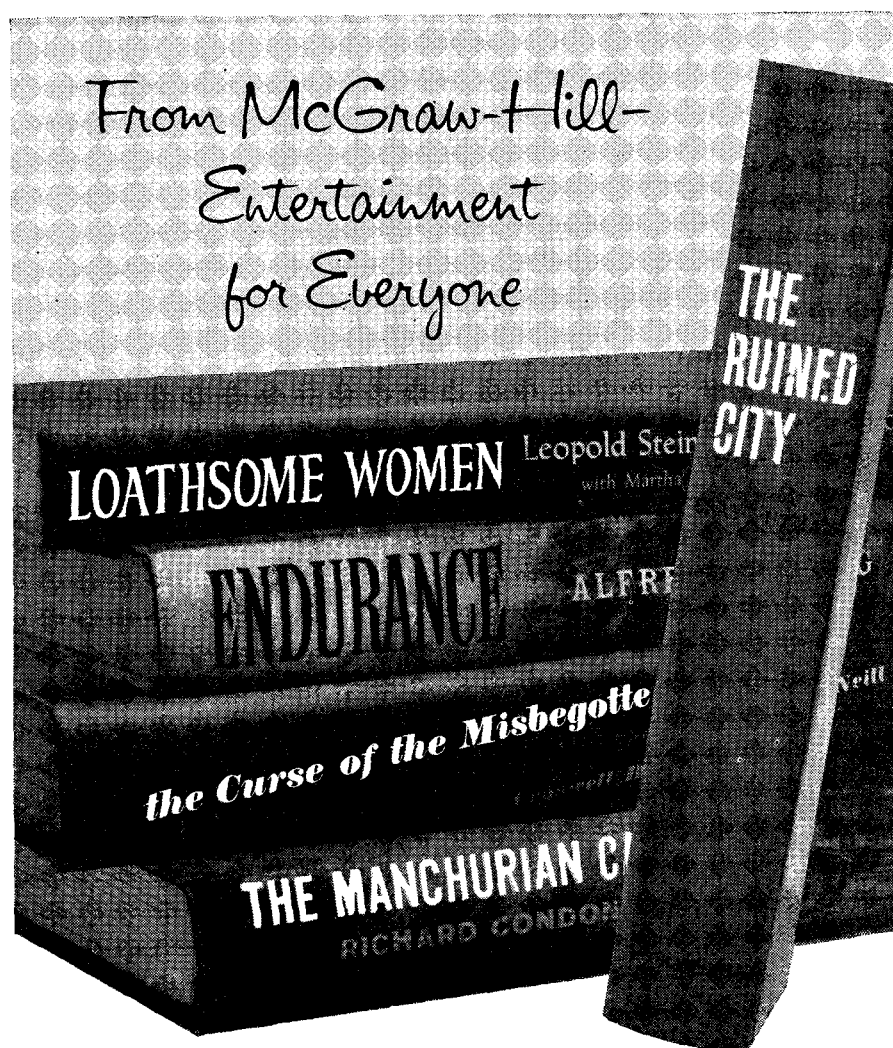
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ndiscretions were carefully deliberated and all of his confessions were disciplined by that rigorous concern for form which gives such luster to his writing. But, during the last months of his life, Gide kept an informal journal in which he set down his reflections "at random," without permitting himself to retouch or even to reread. This final work, appropriately entitled *SO BE IT, OR THE CHIPS ARE DOWN* (Knopf, \$3.50), now comes to us translated, annotated, and with an introduction by Justin O'Brien. Its spontaneity (whose cost is disjointedness and some repetition of material used in the *Journals*) makes it, for the seasoned reader of Gide, in some ways the most moving and the most genuinely revealing of his autobiographical writings — revealing not in the sense that new facts are disclosed but that Gide presents himself to us with less artifice than ever before.

He touches, haphazardly, on topics as varied as the vanity of men of letters, his great fondness for American "dog stories" (he means "shaggy dog"), the art of Corneille and Molière. He confesses to a waning appetite for life ("I had not made arrangements to live so old. . . . Oh, how hard it is to age well!"), but he finds pleasure in writing additional scenes for the dramatization of *Les Caves du Vatican* and is looking forward to its production by the Comédie Française. He comments on his failings: his tendency to be miserly, the inaccuracy of his memory, his inability to "hit it off completely" with reality. And he permits himself some scathing words about the behavior of Claudel and other friends of his youth who, after becoming converts and failing to convert him, kept on assailing him with unchristian arrogance and venom.

At his life's end, Gide remains faithful to his lifelong doctrine that morality is synonymous with integrity — with complete fidelity to one's inner self and all its contradictions. He writes about his homosexuality with an explicitness which prompts him to exclaim: "I have never said so much on this subject." And he bluntly affirms that he can no longer take seriously the religious concerns of his early and middle years; he has long since ceased to believe in God. The question which still arises "imperiously" before him on the eve of death is: What is the best service



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that a writer performs? And he answers it indirectly by saying he would never have forgiven himself if he had heeded the friends who begged him not to expose himself to harsh attack by publishing *Corydon* (his treatise on homosexuality) and, in 1936, his critical report on the Soviet Union. Six days before his death, between two periods of coma, Gide wrote these memorable last lines: "Do I still have something to say? Still something or other to say? My own position in the sky, in relation to the sun, must not make me consider the dawn any less beautiful."

THE DECAY OF INTELLECT

THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT (Harper, \$5.00) by JACQUES BARZUN surveys a specific aspect of the present cultural situation, the state of "Intellect," and reports that it is sick, sick, sick. Mr. Barzun rejects the view prevalent among intellectuals that the plight of Intellect is due to a "materialistic society." He points out that, while Intellect is neglected and despised, "intellectuals are well paid and riding high. . . . The expert, the Ph.D. or his equivalent is everywhere." His thesis is that the intellectuals themselves have corrupted Intellect and allowed it to abdicate its function. "Captivated by art, overawed by science, and seduced by philanthropy," they have haphazardly assimilated into "the House of Intellect" values and attitudes that subvert the virtues which make Intellect what it is: unity, concentration, self-awareness, a communicative explicitness. Chief among the subversive elements are the fuzzy cult of "creativity"; the methods, the jargon, and the lofty "separateness" of science; and an inane philanthropism whose watchword is "help" and which squanders the products of Intellect on those who do not want, do not deserve, or cannot profit by them.

The main body of Barzun's book charts the ravages of the forces hostile to Intellect, and here are just a few items from his bill of particulars: in the domain of the word — collective journalism, dilution of ideas, overpreoccupation with the accuracy of trivial fact; in conversation — the stifling of stimulating controversy; in education — "an irresistible machine for warping mind and character," powered by the doctrine that schools exist not to teach but to cure

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and to bring out "creativity," not to promote knowledge but to promote the "right attitudes"; in the work of the foundations — evasion of responsibility by the support of "safe," sterile research projects that will never reach an audience; in scholarship — new forms of pedantry derived from science.

A critique of this kind could readily have made sour and solemn reading, but Barzun has brought it off with his customary grace, wit, and intellectual brio. His essay is a splendid demonstration of the attractions of Intellect, one of which is the capacity to exhilarate even when it arouses doubt and disagreement.

In a prefatory note, Barzun says that his analysis applies to any nation that adopts egalitarian democracy, mass education and journalism, and so forth. There is a contradiction between this and his thesis that the decay of Intellect is due to a sort of *trahison des clercs*, not to the social and economic system; and to heap all the blame on the intellectuals is at best a drastic oversimplification. If the intellectuals have depreciated Intellect, it is partly because the outlook even of intellectuals is to some extent inexorably conditioned by the society they live in. Secondly, as Barzun himself emphasized and re-emphasized in *God's Country and Mine*, it is not difficult to show that many if not most of the cultural ills we deplore are in some way related to our goal of getting the maximum amount of goods into the maximum number of hands at the maximum profit. The measures suggested by Barzun to restore "the tradition of Intellect" will have the support of a great many intellectuals; but I doubt that they will bring about decisive changes until our society as a whole begins to be satiated with consumerism and disgusted with the cozy cant of egalitarianism.

THE SOCIOLOGICAL IMAGINATION (Oxford University Press, \$6.00), by C. WRIGHT MILLS, the militant author of the *The Power Elite*, discusses the decay of Intellect in an area which Barzun leaves unvisited: sociology. In Mr. Mills's view, the schools of thought which are dominant today have given themselves up to a "pretentious triviality" and have reduced social science to impotence and irrelevance.

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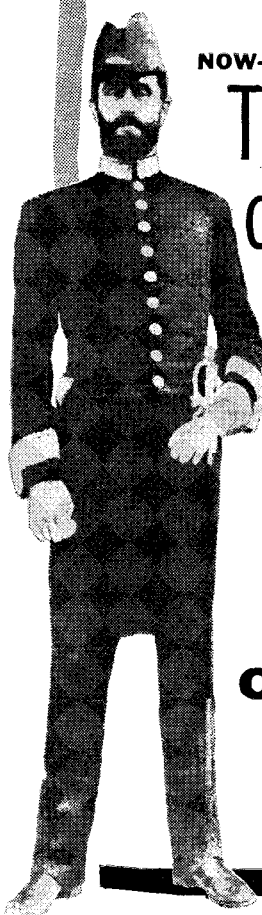
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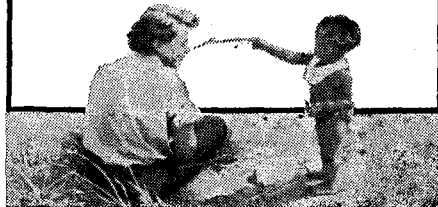
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ing but on the whole fascinating experience for the interested layman — the monstrous jargon they use is in itself glaring proof of a failure of Intellect. At one point Mills translates some thirty lines of Talcott Parsons' awesome brand of gobbledygook into straightforward English, and they boil down to a commonplace proposition which occupies two short sentences. Though he is a far better writer than most sociologists, Mr. Mills could have made his book perhaps 20 per cent shorter and considerably sharper by doing some translation of his own verbiage and by eliminating the numerous repetitions.

Mills begins with the school of "Grand Theory" represented by Talcott Parsons and his followers, and charges that it is playing "an arid game of Concepts" on a fantastically remote plane of abstraction. Next he discusses the "abstracted empiricists," who are mesmerized by what they suppose to be the Scientific Method. More concerned with methodology than with social study itself, they refuse to say anything about modern society unless it has been through "the fine little mill of The Statistical Ritual." Their "research shops" and "teams of technicians" compile infinitely detailed surveys which "do not convince us of anything worth having convictions about." Mills goes on to analyze the shortcomings of the old-fashioned liberal reformers and of the school of "illiberal practicality" — the "human engineers" in industry and the market researchers. Looking at the overall picture, he finds that social science is dominated by "bureaucratic techniques" and especially by a bias for "data collection," which (for reasons of cost) limits social studies to small-scale units. The tendency is for the social scientist to eschew individual effort and place himself in the service of institutions or commercial concerns.

The approach that Mills is crusading for is that of "Classic Social Science," currently out of favor, which draws on history, economics, political science, anthropology, psychology, and is not the slave of polls, statistics, or restrictive concepts. Adventurous and responsible, it concerns itself not with small slivers of society but with "historical social structures . . . and problems [that] are directly relevant to urgent public issues and insistent human troubles."

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The crucial problems that face it, says Mills, have to do with rationality and freedom. Contrary to the faith of the Enlightenment, we can no longer assume that increased rationality makes for increased freedom. It appears to be leading to the ascendancy of a new human type: The Cheerful Robot.

MEMORY AND DESIRE

THE THIRD CHOICE (Doubleday, \$3.95) by ELIZABETH JANEWAY, a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, is an old-fashioned novel in that its chief concern is with *character*. (The up-to-date novel is concerned with the absence of character, and the avant-garde novel—Beckett's, for example—with just absence.) Mrs. Janeway presents to us two American women of different generations and temperament and makes them interesting as specific individuals—not as representative types or singular psychiatric “cases” or because their lives have a symbolic quality.

Mrs. Janeway's novel focuses contrapuntally on Mrs. Belchamber's story of her past (which she is writing in a notebook to occupy herself in the hospital) and on what is happening in the present to her and to her troubled, self-accusing niece, Lorraine de Koning, who visits her regularly. Mrs. Belchamber—a strong-willed, imperious *grande dame* of sixty-one, for many years a celebrated beauty—has broken her hip in a riding accident and now is faced with the prospect of remaining partially crippled. Lorraine has just admitted to herself that her marriage is a nightmare; and she suddenly finds herself caught up in a passionate love affair with the young doctor who is attending her aunt, a man with a wife and five children who has risen from the slums. At the conclusion both women are left facing the future with sense and courage, feeling their way to some new beginning.

A bald summary of the novel's plot and structure is bound to do it injustice, since it fails to bring into play the fact that Mrs. Janeway is an extremely accomplished and attractive writer. She has a fine command of the resources of language, and her characterizations are strong, individual, and convincing. In her plotting she occasionally flirts with the ingredients of soap opera, but she makes them help her to tell a highly readable story.



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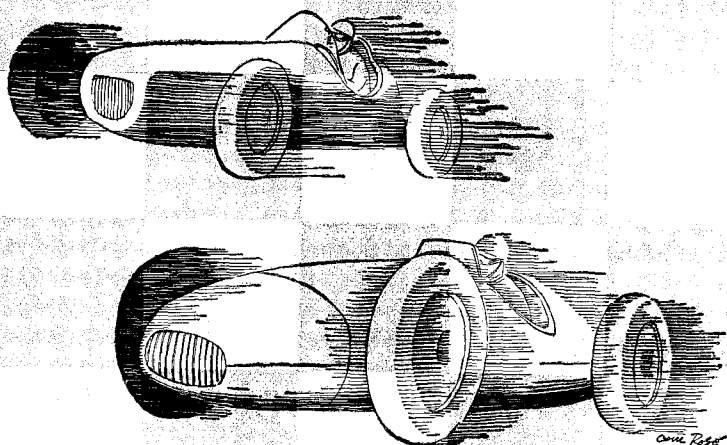
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Accent on

ALL sorts of records have been broken at Daytona's new motor speedway, where averages upwards of 170 mph are the standard, even for long-distance events, on the banked circuit. Like Monza, of which Ken Purdy wrote in the *Atlantic* last year, the banking at Daytona permits a more constant speed, in contrast with Indianapolis, where the difference between the straight and the curves is in the neighborhood of 50 mph.

I do not recall whether the inaugural race at Daytona this year was on the banking or on the road-and-track circuit, but I did read in the papers the next morning that it had been won by a young Middle Westerner, and that seemed to be that. But another day later, a headline informed me that the young Middle Westerner had not won the race, and the story went on to explain that a goodly number of observers inclined to give the nod to someone else. There was no claim of foul or miscounted laps, it appeared, but rather a question of which car had led in what looked like a dead-heat finish. Photo-finish equipment had not been available, the story concluded. The third day's story, if there was one, I never did see, nor did I learn what the judges finally decided.

A similarly easygoing quality distinguished a Daytona stock-car race which I happened to attend a few years back. It was a 200-mile affair, run counterclockwise on a circuit consisting of four miles of beach and a rough, narrow concrete highway parallel to it, the two sections being linked at each end by abrupt and fantastically bumpy hairpin turns. The concrete section was some forty feet higher than the beach, so that cars bounced into a steep climb on leaving the beach at the north end and came tumbling, often somersaulting, down to sea level.

The stock-car race was scheduled to begin at around 1 P.M. There were entrants all over the beach, apparently ready to run, but it was an hour or more before they took their starting positions, and more time was lost before the race actually began. There was nothing easygoing about the driving — the average speed was close to 100 mph — and even though upsets and breakdowns thinned out the large field, at least a score of cars were still in the running at the 125-mile mark. The competition was heated, so we were all the more surprised when a general slowdown occurred and it was announced that the race was being terminated at 125 miles instead of 200. The explanation that followed

over the public address system sounded like something out of Lardner: It was necessary for the thousands of cars of the spectators to be off and on the way home, we learned, while there was still enough room on the hard sands of the beach to carry the traffic, and meanwhile the tide was coming in *unexpectedly*.

With almost a half century of experience behind it, the Indianapolis "500" on Memorial Day has become a model of how to manage parking and traffic on a scale that brings twenty to thirty thousand cars to the lots surrounding the track. Thousands more are in the infield, but the cream of the operation is in the speed and smoothness with which the parking lots are filled and emptied. Incredible numbers of highly trained traffic police — state police, the whole Indianapolis force, and off-duty officers recruited from almost every community in Indiana — are on the job. All streets and highways to the speedway have been cleared of parked cars on the previous day, and all are one-way to the race on the forenoon of May 30. Police cruisers and motorcycles shepherd the drivers along in as many lanes as the street can carry; every intersection has its traffic officers. There are towing trucks for breakdowns, helicopters and radio con-

rols for aerial supervision of the whole movement, and a slowdown or stoppage of any of the routes brings instant remedies, amiably enough unless a car has been speeding or erratically driven. With the one-way directions reversed at the end of the race, the process is repeated for the homeward bound. One doubts that any other crowd of comparable size anywhere in the world is moved in automobiles so quietly, so quickly, and so easily. From the time one leaves a seat in

the stands and reaches home again — perhaps ten miles through the city to the other side of it — the whole return takes about thirty minutes. A mass of cars that would tie up most cities for the rest of the day — Boston for more like a weekend — diffuses itself and vanishes.

That “unexpected” tide at Daytona would never have troubled the Indianapolis organization. They would have sent it right back to sea where it belonged.

CHARLES W. MORTON

The Case for the Catcher

BY B. F. SYLVESTER

A former city editor of the Omaha WORLD HERALD, B. F. SYLVESTER is a free-lance writer and news correspondent.

Because nothing has been done to upgrade third base and give the third baseman something to do (a problem I discussed in “The Case for Third Base” in the April, 1955, *Atlantic*) I am somewhat loath to call attention to another inequity of baseball. This concerns the catcher, who has too much to do and is not properly appreciated.

Owners, managers, communicators, and fans are very tender about the pitcher, who has not known so much solicitude since he was an infant. At home nothing must upset him, and on the field at the first sign of distress the manager will replace him. The announcement that pitcher Galahad, right-hand fireballer just up from the Texas League, where he won four straight, will work the Saturday game produces a mood of great expectancy.

“Work,” as used here, does not mean what it once did. Joseph Jerome (Iron Man) McGinnity, who pitched 434 innings for the New York Giants in 1903, would call it something else if he could see what the national pastime has come to. Today a few pitchers, if they go nine innings, will throw perhaps one hundred balls every five or six days; but there are many who toss fifteen to twenty every five or six weeks, so occasional and brief is the interference of baseball with their private lives.

When the first man up hits a triple off Galahad and the next two bat-

ters walk, the catcher goes out for a friendly word with his pitcher. The manager then inquires if the pitcher is tired. Galahad says no, but the consensus is yes on account of the warm-up before the game. The skipper takes the ball and gives a pat on the back to Galahad, who moves off reluctantly while the crowd lets it be known the manager is a heel.

A reliever, known as the fireman, comes on from the bull pen in a convertible and retires the side on two pitches. Going out for a pinch hitter, he, too, is through for the day and overtakes Galahad on the first tee at the country club. There are days when, if they will wait a little, they can make a foursome.

On the other hand, the catcher works every day and does almost half of the team ball-handling. He wears heavy and cumbersome equipment which becomes heavier and more cumbersome as the sun and the breath of the umpire down his neck get hotter, equipment which he must take off when he goes to bat and put on again when he returns to the bench.

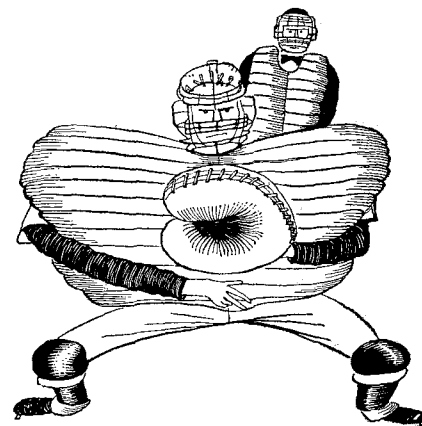
Dressed in this gear, he sprints to back up first and third against a bad throw. Every once in a while he goes to the mound for a staff meeting, as well as to settle down a flustered pitcher. Why can't they meet halfway to home plate? Since the pitcher is the one who needs the help, why doesn't he come off his 15-inch eminence and walk down to the catcher?

The catcher handles bunts and pop-ups, picks off runners who stray

from base, and protects second, third, and home from larceny, as the writers call it. When a 220-pound former fullback comes crashing in, the catcher stands like a rock while he makes the tag.

If the pitcher crosses him by throwing low outside instead of high inside as the signal called for, or just plain pitches wild, the catcher blocks with whatever part of the body is nearest. He is conked by the back swing of a 37-ounce bat or the front swing when a pitcher-hitter takes a big cut and goes around.

Though soaked in a toughening agent, the glove hand will be swollen after catching a hard thrower like Sad Sam Jones of the St. Louis Cardinals. Knuckle balls bounce off knuckles — which is why they are called knuckle balls. Foul tips are imbedded in the catcher's mask and ricochet from big toe, shin, elbow, and skull, and cause thumb and fingers eventually to point in five directions. At the risk of breaking an arm or leg or neck, the catcher pursues twisting and downdraft fouls into the dugout or against the box seats; and no one can look as foolish as a catcher who misjudges the air currents and sees the ball drop in front of him, the press, radio and TV, and forty thousand people.



Being rather solid from the demands of his position and, perhaps, a little tired for the same reason, the catcher is no Richie Ashburn on the bases. In fact, at times he has been looked upon as a comic figure, subject to twitting from the enemy bench and fans. When Birdie Tebbets was catching for the Boston Red Sox, he hit a sharp grounder to second baseman Gerry Priddy of the Detroit Tigers, who could have had him by sixty-five feet but held the ball and made him run. It took four umpires and the park police to keep Birdie off the Tiger.

The catcher is supposed to know the strength and weakness of every batter and advise the pitcher what to throw. Let us take the incident when the fireman came in with the bases loaded and nobody out and retired the side on two pitches. The way the press reported it, the relief pitcher caused the first batter to hit a weak roller permitting an out at the plate, then forced the next man to hit into a double play.

This is what happened. The catcher called for an inside pitch off the fist, which was responsible for the weak roller. Then he called for a sinker that would be hit on the ground to the shortstop for an easy toss to second and the relay to first. Of course, he got no credit, just as he gets little or no applause for what would be spectacular plays if made by other players. There is another area of neglect. The pitcher and catcher used to be announced together with considerable flourish, and the newspapers carried the battery in their box-score summary. Today the catcher is just another name in the line-up.

Baseball must do something about him or look to science for a substitute, such as the mechanical rabbit at the dog tracks. The old-timer, used to his lot, does not complain much; but he is passing from the scene, and replacement is hard to come by in a time of medium prosperity. About once a week a manager is interviewed and advises that the quickest road to the big leagues, big salaries, and becoming a manager is by way of catching. The young fellows are not impressed, or are they?

Major league clubs pay up to \$120,000, and no questions asked, for recruits brought in by agents who frequent the playing fields of high schools. A likely lad is taken to a tribal outpost in the wilderness, where, like the Mohican youth of another period, he undergoes the flagellations and other ordeals by which he is tested and conditioned. In three to five years he is brought up to the great stadium, gnarled and ready.

In documenting the case for the catcher, there is no need to cite a youngster breaking his back in Class D. Instead, I submit Lawrence Peter (Yogi) Berra of the New York Yankees, for some years the ranking catcher in the American League. In the catching line there is nothing

more agreeable than Yogi's position, in terms of salary and glory, besides the satisfaction of being a perennial champion. Yogi thought things were pretty good. When a foul tip broke his mask and nose, he only said that it couldn't make him uglier than he was. He seemed not to know there was a better life on the other side of the plate until, resting after another injury, he was sent to the outfield.

Out from the shadows of the grandstand and into the sun of right field, Yogi found a bright new world. A friendly man, he has something to say to anyone around him. As a catcher he was able to communicate only with the hitter, but now he could carry on conversations with

the first and second basemen, first base coach, center fielder, the bullpen, and people in the stands. He began clouting singles, doubles, triples, and home runs in clusters, and soon was hitting .430 instead of .256.

Obviously, right field is not a complete answer. Some who have been out there a long time say it is no answer at all and hint that they wouldn't mind taking a turn at catching, but that aspect need not be explored here. If right field is not perfect, I hope no one tells Yogi.

The miseries of the catcher will not be relieved all at once by some cheap and easy solution such as paying him more money, but it might help.

Hospital Hierarchy

BY MARJORIE TAUBENHAUS

MARJORIE TAUBENHAUS, who is married to a doctor and is research assistant to a doctor, lives in Brookline, Massachusetts.

In any modern hospital a pecking order, similar to that seen in bird flocks, may be observed. Of course, differences between birds and hospitals exist. Birds determine precedence simply and quickly upon meeting. They fight. The stronger bird gains for all time the right to peck the weaker. The human beings involved in a hospital situation are accustomed to use symbols as surrogates for physical combat. These symbols are usually expressed as degrees, such as M.D., R.N., or M.Sc. However, like people, once birds have established their relative rank, a peculiar, often sonorous sound, called the threat sound, may be used to maintain superiority relationships.

There is one important point of differentiation between the bird and hospital pecking orders. It lies in the ability of the birds to recognize one another. People have had to develop elaborate systems of insignia and dress to ensure the recognition of rank that is intuitively grasped by birds. The confusing multiplicity of uniforms observed in any hospital is readily understood if we know that a three hundred to four hundred bed hospital may have about a thousand persons engaged directly or indi-

rectly with the care of patients and the running of the hospital. Most bird flocks are not this complex. The variety of dress provides a clue to the pecking order and not a functional guide for the casual visitor to the hospital.

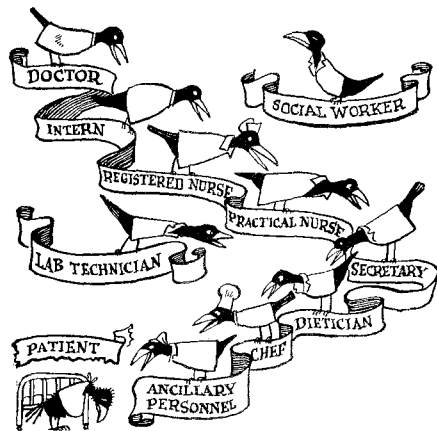
Top man on the hospital pecking pole is the doctor. He has invested at least eight years of his life in college and medical school for the ultimate privilege of wearing a long, loose white coat. No belt in the back, it flops freely in the breeze as the physician autocratically strides down the hospital corridors. Some lucky few in every hospital wear coats threadbare and out at the elbows; these are the chiefs of service. Brown-edged acid holes, however, denote only research workers. These command no special respect except in those obscure, rarified circles where Nobel is more than a synonym for aristocratic.

Between the long white coat and the white-jacketed medical student (stethoscope peeping coyly from his pocket) stand the intern and resident. These wear white trousers, white jackets, and white shirts, hospital issue. This costume entitles the wearer to full respect on the wards, tolerance in the semiprivate rooms, and outraged demands for a doctor from the private suites.

Although the registered nurse may

not have worked through as many schools as the doctor, she has undoubtedly worked through a great many more uniforms. She achieves the final triumph of the dress-that-stands-by-itself only after progressing through the blue of the student, doffing an apron here, and picking up a cap there. Very often black lines are added to her cap and extra pins to her dress at specified and very special milestones along the way. When she has finally graduated, with the frilly headpiece chosen by the hospital of her training (as its own announcement to the world that "This nurse does things the way *we* do") she is then officially qualified to say "yes" to a doctor's face and "no" behind his back to everybody else in the world. The maid, the aide, the intern in his first months of training, all must turn their cheek to her peck. They may draw small comfort from the knowledge that half the starch in her uniform probably comes from the dressing down the staff doctor has just given her.

The orderly relationships of the nursing echelons are probably the most clearly defined of any in the hospital and are reflected in a veritable rainbow array of uniforms. The trained practical nurse wears



white, but without a registered nurse pin, and her consequent lack of authority to dispense medications leaves her not a social leg to stand on. The student is not only in blue and white, but for the first six months of her training she is bareheaded. Once she is capped, she is well on her way up the ladder. The nurse's aide may be in green, the orderly in tan, and who can forget the Grey Lady? Order of precedence is firmly established in these variations of color and form, and a whole organization of supervisors and directors exists to protect it.

Many large urban hospitals today

God's Only Gift Which ALL SHARE EQUALLY

Anyone can see, of course, that the good things of life are not equally distributed.

Some are born to good health; others with physical or mental afflictions. Some enjoy in abundance the fruits of God's earth; others struggle through a lifetime of poverty. The unscrupulous often gain wealth and power; the virtuous find "virtue its only reward."

An all-wise and just God would obviously not allow such inequalities to exist without providing for their ultimate compensation. And we have His Word as to how this justice will eventually be meted out to both the mighty and the meek, the rich and the poor, the evil and the virtuous.

In one thing only, does God make us all equal. To each of us He gives a soul...to each the promise of everlasting life. Where the durability of our body may affect the years and the joys of life on earth, the purity of our soul will alone determine our eternal destiny.

Because it is not a physical thing that can be seen or touched, some refuse to believe that there is a soul.

Others neglect its care even though lavishing attention upon the health, nutrition and beauty of the body, whose ultimate destiny is only dust.

Even if we choose to reject God's certain promise of judgment, reward and punishment...as related in both the Old and the New Testaments...common sense must tell us that we have an immortal soul. For unless we have a soul,

why should we have been endowed also with a conscience...why should we even *think* of trying to choose between right and wrong?

Conscience tells us that we must pay for our misdeeds. Yet in this life, the wicked are often the most prosperous; the just man the most afflicted. The world cannot compensate for such injustice, so where is justice to be done if not at the hands of God in the life after death which He has promised?

There is nothing more important in your life than an understanding of the nature of your immortal soul, and the functioning of its warning bell—your conscience. Whether you are religious or not, it will reward you greatly to read our pamphlet on the subject, which we will gladly send you free upon request. It will be mailed in a plain wrapper; nobody will call on you. Write today—ask for Pamphlet No. B-10.

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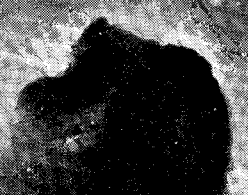
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have social service departments, realistically as well as self-consciously important in the framework of twentieth-century medical care. On the wards the medical social worker wears a white coat, her department identified only by a nameplate on the lapel and the oddity of the coiffure above. The social worker ranks herself ostensibly just below the physician, but in truth is answerable only to God and the psychiatrist.

The hospital chef wears white in well-respected, nonmedical tradition, but he has been outmaneuvered by the dietitians. In most restaurants and hotels all over the world the high white hat of the cook represents the acme of dictatorial prestige. But the hospital dietitians have pre-empted this authority as well as a nurse's uniform. Caught in a net of calories and low-residue diets, the chef's superiority to the green-clad dishwashers is small compensation for the pecks of the nutrition experts.

Laboratory technicians circulate through the hospital in stained white coats. At feud level with the nurses, they lack the magnificent hierarchical nursing organization. Some are experts in their own fields, highly specialized and correspondingly trained. Some are just routine test runners. But the white coat

covers a multitude of skills, and the technician title gives the right to a few pecks here and there.

Some few secretaries in a hospital have fought through a right to a white coat. They are the envied ones, even though they may have to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous surgical chiefs for their dubious privilege. For, who knows? They may one day be taken for technicians.

The nether regions, both actual and rhetorical, are inhabited by a variety of persons and uniforms. Hospitals are fond of the term "ancillary personnel," and it includes the engineers, maintenance men, and laundry workers concealed in the hospital basement as well as the maids, elevator men, and pages.

The bottom of the pecking order is represented by its own, peculiarly humiliating uniform. The hospital patient, outranked by the lowliest pantrywoman, is exposed literally and figuratively in a short white chemise. This garment, barely reaching to mid-thigh, is split the length of the back and inadequately fastened at the neck and waist with strings. If a patient thinks that his position as Chairman of the Board of twenty-two large industries gives him any status, his hospital gown is calculated to dispel the delusion.

NEWS ITEM

SCIENCE NOW REVEALS "BUSY BEE" REALLY LAZY

BY JOHN MORTIMER

How doth the little lazy bee
Maintain his reputation
For being hard at work when he
Is really on vacation?

At most he works four times a day,
Each lasting half an hour;
Meanwhile he sleeps his life away,
Forgetting field and flower.

This lesson learn, all who would shirk,
Your reputation keeping:
Make lots of noise each time you work
And hide when you are sleeping.

Atlantic

1958



1959

Prizes

38th ANNUAL CREATIVE WRITING CONTESTS

COLLEGES

PRIZES: Best Story — \$100.00 Ellen Petersilie, Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa; *Evelyn Mae Boyd, Instructor*
 Best Poem — \$100.00 Marilyn Thomas, Immaculate Heart College, Hollywood, California; *Fallon Evans, Instructor*

Best Essay — \$100.00 Deborah Barron, Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri; *Jack D. La Zebnik, Instructor*

Stories: SECOND: Raymond R. Sherp, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.; *Edwin L. Peterson, Instructor* — THIRD: Tom Blom, San Diego State College, San Diego, Cal.; *George Sanderlin, Instructor* — FOURTH: James Whiting, Boston College, Boston, Mass.; *Leonard Casper, Instructor* — FIFTH: Margery H. Silver, Simmons College, Boston, Mass.; *R. F. Bosworth, Instructor*

Poems: SECOND: Ann Morrison, Southwestern at Memphis, Memphis, Tenn.; *Danforth R. Ross, Instructor* — THIRD: Elizabeth Burke, College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.; *Sister Maura, Instructor* — FOURTH: Patricia Carolan, College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.; *Sister Maura, Instructor* — FIFTH: Ruth Ann Walter, College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.; *Sister Maura, Instructor*

Essays: SECOND: Elna Hayward White, University of Houston, Houston, Texas; *Ruth Pennybacker, Instructor* — THIRD: Anna H. Jones, Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois; *Helen Siml, Instructor* — FOURTH: Nida S. Jones, University of Houston, Houston, Texas; *Ruth Pennybacker, Instructor* — FIFTH: Ann De Vaney, Mount St. Mary's College, Los Angeles, Cal.; *Sister Mary Patricia, Instructor*

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH SCHOLARSHIPS — Bread Loaf School of English of Middlebury College, Vermont, announces the award of two scholarships covering tuition for the 1959 session of Bread Loaf School of English: one to Deborah Barron, Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri (for her essay, "The Anti-Hero"), and one to her instructor, Jack D. La Zebnik.

HONORABLE MENTION

Albertus Magnus College, Nancy M. Halloran (2) — Boston College, Arthur Byron, Jr. — College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Elizabeth Burke, Carleen Dickhoff, Mary Ann MacNeil (3), Ruth Ann Walter — Creighton University, Michele Baker — Eastern Baptist College, Ronald H. Heise, Audrey E. Naigraw — Good Counsel College, Mary E. De Sena, Katherine M. Restaino — Hunter College, Rachel Di Noia, Bette Weiner — Indiana University, Marilyn Renaker — Lindenwood College, Mary E. Cox — Mount Mary College, Katherine Marron — University of New Hampshire, Deborah Bates, Delmar G. Corrick — University of New Mexico, Joel L. Markman — Oklahoma City University, Winona Morris Nation — Paris Junior College, Saralou Vaughan — University of Pittsburgh, Nori Amsel, Jane Candia, S. M. McAllister — Pomona College, John Dickson, Linda Douglas, Judith Woodhams — Rockhurst College, Michael C. Mittelstadt — St. Joseph College, Laura Kelly — St. Mary's College, Jacqueline Fix — St. Mary's University, Carol E. Massar — San Diego State College, William R. Horning, Jr., Linda Stern — Lowell State Teacher's College, Donald E. Lussier — University of Virginia, Thomas C. Brody — Washburn University, Patrick M. Scanlan — Wheaton College, Marguerite E. Biscaye, Nancy Irene Mott, Helen Perkins (2), Merold E. Westphal, Jr. — Youngstown University, Sue Renkenberger.

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PRIZES: Best Story — \$100.00 Iris Joan Goodman, Hunter College High School, New York, New York; *Abigail B. Brown, Instructor*

Best Poem — \$100.00 Joanne Ryan, Visitation High School, Chicago, Illinois; *Sister Mary Lienne, Instructor*

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Poems: SECOND: Robert Brown, Chadwick School, Rolling Hills, California; *William C. Holland, Instructor* — THIRD: Geoffrey Platt, Jr., St. Mark's School, Southborough, Mass.; *Winifred Hare Chatfield, Instructor* — FOURTH: Sandra Reeder, St. Matthew's High School, Monroe, Louisiana; *Sister Benedict Joseph, Instructor* — FIFTH: Barb Davidson, Glenbrook High School, Northbrook, Illinois; *Jane Britton, Instructor*

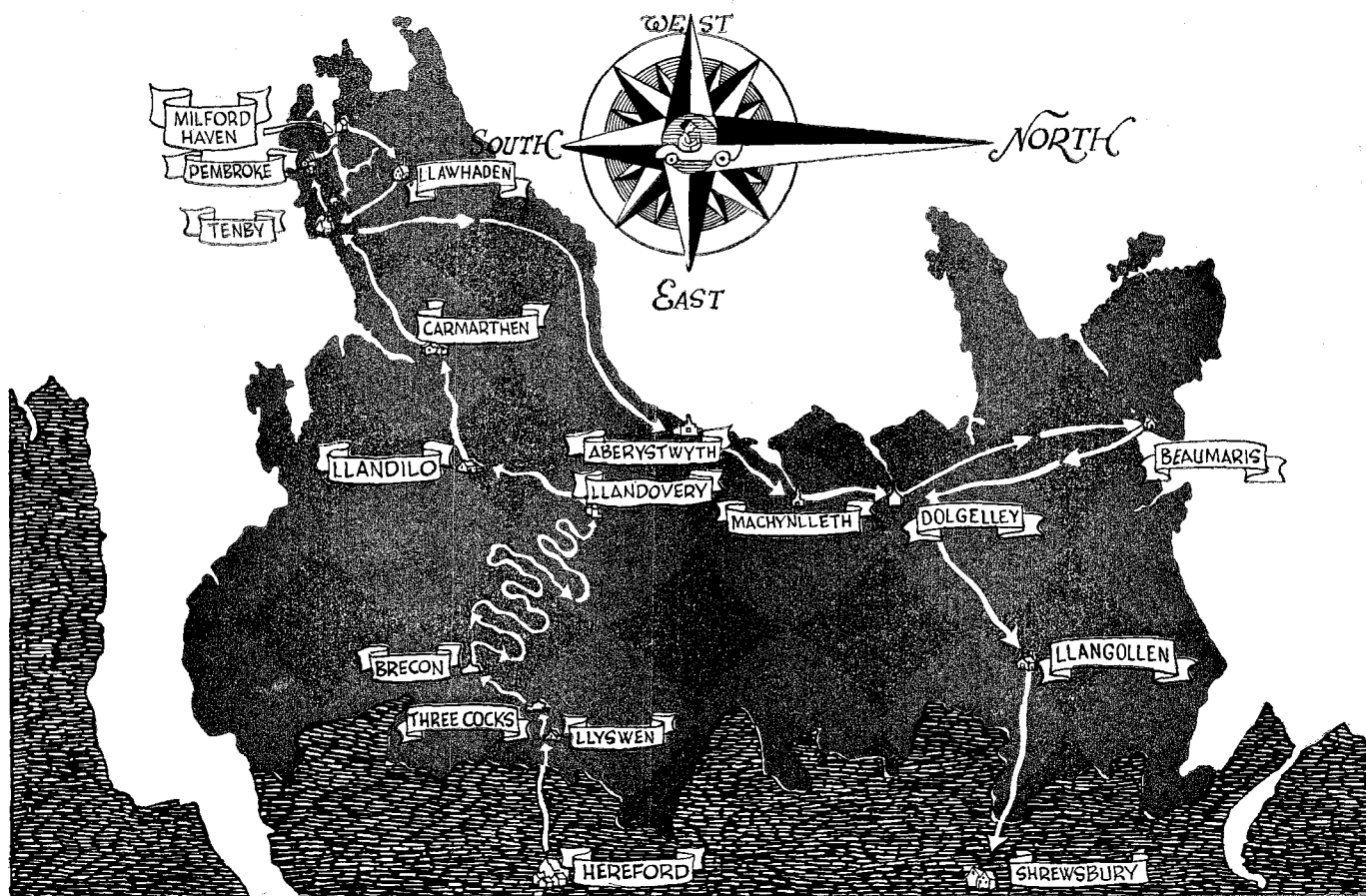
Essays: SECOND: Elaine Reuben, Shortridge High School, Indianapolis, Indiana; *Mrs. Louise Steiger, Instructor* — THIRD: Stephen J. Rallis, Bennington High School, Bennington, Vermont; *Eupha Bonham, Instructor* — FOURTH: Gail C. Davies, Summit High School, Summit, New Jersey; *Warren Dederick, Instructor* — FIFTH: Kenneth Reid Harker, Jr., Shortridge High School, Indianapolis, Indiana; *Mrs. Louise Steiger, Instructor*

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH SCHOLARSHIP — The University of Pittsburgh awards a four-year scholarship (free tuition) to Iris Joan Goodman, Hunter College High School, New York, for her story, "A Taste of the Apple."

HONORABLE MENTION

California: The Bishop's School, Pamela Daughaday, Cynthia M. Graham, Barbara Parsons; North Hollywood High School, Ann Bassin; Ramona High School, Carol Campbell, Beverly Mathes; Chadwick School, Jennifer A. Clark; Phineas Banning High School, Itala Tania Coryell — Connecticut: The Ethel Walker School, Maud D. Garver, Lucy Rosenberry; Hillhouse High School, Charles Marches; Saint Margaret's School, Wendy Caesar, Elizabeth M. Camp, Carolyn-Grace Carpentieri, Lucinda Dickinson; Staples High School, Constance Whitman — Florida: Graham-Eckes School, William Douglas McDonald — Idaho: Lewiston High School, Steve Thomas — Illinois: St. Mary High School, Barbara Barth — Indiana: Shortridge High School, Evelyn T. Birge, Sandra K. Cheney, Jean Kammen — Louisiana: St. Matthew's High School, Bill Green — Maine: Castine High School, Rebecca Jane Randall — Massachusetts: Abbot Academy, Nathalie Ferguson Taft; Beaver Country Day School, Susan Dwight; Brookline High School, George Carter Bell, Rachael Hornstein, Janet Sternburg; Mount Hermon School, W. Peter Korol; Northfield School for Girls, Anne D. Harrington; Springfield Classical Sr. High School, Eve Silberstein; Wellesley High School, Constance Brown, Judith W. Clymer, Patricia Dale, Peter B. Hill, Elizabeth Kunz, Deanne Tetric; Weston High School, Diane Dolan — Montana: Billings Central Catholic High School, Tom Tokarski — Oklahoma: Tulsa Central High School, Ron Padgett — Oregon: Beaverton High School, Richard Stephen Knutson — Rhode Island: Mary C. Wheeler School, Desire H. Gorham — Vermont: Bennington High School, Richard Ricketts — Virginia: Chatham Hall, Caroline Collins.

pleasures and places



WELSH TOUR

BY GILES PLAYFAIR

BRITAIN, of course, is not one country but three, and of these three countries the principality of Wales is by far the least traveled. According to official statistics, 60 per cent of the overseas visitors who come to England every summer journey to Scotland as well, but only 18 per cent of them trouble to see Wales.

Yet though the principality ceased to be independent nearly seven hundred years ago and, unlike Scotland, which retains its separate laws and judiciary, has no vestige of autonomy left, it remains culturally and ethnically a highly distinctive country, with a language of its own that is considerably more alive than the Irish language is in Eire. Moreover, it is a country of great natural beauty and a country rich with history. Indeed, the visitor to Britain who seeks

a feeling of true communion with the past probably has a better chance of finding this in Wales than in either England or Scotland, for in Wales remote places, places untouched by time, are comparatively more numerous and more easily reached, while such disturbing reminders of the twentieth century as gas stations and advertisement hoardings are more easily avoided.

Admittedly, the Welsh capital of Cardiff has neither the fame nor the appeal of London and Edinburgh, and hence Wales is without a central magnet to attract tourists. In fact, I can think of only one place that a foreign visitor with limited time at his disposal might be tempted to go to Wales especially to see, and this place, paradoxically, is not really at all Welsh in character. It is called

Portmeirion, and it is the creation of a celebrated contemporary architect, Clough Williams-Ellis. Mr. Williams-Ellis, who has battled throughout his career to save his own north Wales from professional "developers" and who was largely instrumental in having the area around Mount Snowdon (known as Snowdonia) declared a national park, set out to prove that development is possible without doing violence to natural beauty. The result is a sort of idealized reproduction of an Italian waterside village, with a miniature harbor, subtropical gardens and brightly colored little houses, belvederes and marble terraces, built on a private estate at the head of Tremadoc Bay.

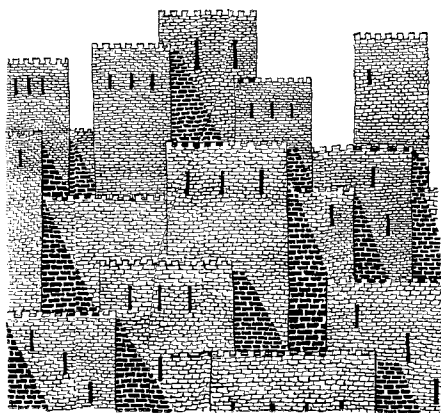
But with this possible and incongruous exception, Wales lacks a

nuine showplace. It is a country be toured for an aggregate of attractions rather than visited incidentally to see a single outstanding one. Nor, for all practical purposes, is it possible to tour Wales without motorcar.

At the same time, a motorcar is becoming increasingly standard equipment with visitors to Britain. It can be hired fairly inexpensively. Or — an even more economical procedure — it can be acquired under one of the export or guaranteed repurchase schemes. One may still wonder, therefore, why Wales should be as neglected as it is.

An official of the British Travel Association with whom I spoke advanced the unofficial explanation that overseas visitors, especially Americans, are inclined to identify Wales with its concentrated industrial area rather than with its mountains and rivers and ancient monuments, and he attributed this to the influence of the best-selling novel *How Green Was My Valley*. Another and perhaps more likely explanation is that though the Welsh, with their love of poetry and song, are an artistic people, they are far from being a nation of epicures. Wales is certainly not as well equipped as it might be to receive guests whose tastes in board and lodging are at all demanding.

Elsewhere in Britain there has been a remarkable and continuing improvement since the war in hotel



food and accommodation, and so far as the main tourist centers are concerned — London, Edinburgh, Stratford, and so on — the old gibes about the discomforts of British living are no longer justified even from those people who travel on very modest budgets. But in Wales most of the hotels appear stuck in the era of brown Windsor soup and no heating. And outside of the few big

towns and popular seaside resorts, where the foreign visitor would presumably have least interest in going, self-styled luxury hotels with such things as private bathrooms are nonexistent. Some guidebooks claim that Welsh lamb (or mutton) is unbeatable, and this may be perfectly true of it in its raw state. But when it emerges on a cold plate from the average Welsh hotel kitchen it is apt to taste very beatable, indeed.

And yet a motor tour of Wales that permits a fair savoring of the best-known beauty spots and ancient monuments can be made quite painlessly, provided it is carefully planned in advance. It need not entail any passage through the industrial area, which is actually confined to one county in the south, Glamorganshire. And it can be completed without overnight stops in a large town or overcrowded holiday resort.

I made a tour of Wales last summer. I wanted to revisit places that I already knew and loved, and I wanted to explore new places. My time was limited — I had just under two weeks to spend in all — and I did not cover as much ground as I should have liked to. Nor were my advance plans as carefully laid as they ought to have been, perhaps. At least I should do some things differently if I were to make the tour over again. But as a result of inquiries from more esoteric sources than official lists and guidebooks about where to stay and where not to stay, I decided to begin my tour at Llyswn, a Breconshire village which appeared from the map to be a suitable vantage point for seeing something of central Wales. This was one decision I had no reason to regret.

From London to Llyswn is a hundred and sixty-one miles. One may be tempted to think of that, if one is accustomed to motoring in the United States, as a comfortable morning's drive without any violation of speed limits. But in Britain nowadays, where there is no speed limit except in built-up areas, the roads, while still mostly narrow, are becoming increasingly thronged, notably with huge, slow-moving trucks and vintage private cars more picturesque than swift-wheeled. Consequently, to drive a hundred and sixty-one miles is likely to be a very long day's pull, and I gave up at Hereford, a hundred and thirty-three miles from London, and spent

the first night there. This was no real hardship, however, for Hereford, one of the several gateways to Wales, is an old English cathedral town well worth seeing in itself.

I doubt if one would feel any particular desire to stay in Llyswn if one came across the place by chance. The village inn, called the Griffin, looks like nothing out of the ordinary and is awarded only one star out of a possible five in the hotel listing of



the Automobile Association. Actually, it is exceptional. It is owned and managed by a writer, Sean Fielding, and his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Fielding offer a board which, though it might be more varied, is far superior to that ordinarily found in Welsh hostels: a homemade pâté and salmon from the River Wye are specialties of the house. The wine list is by any standard first class and includes a 1947 Chateau-Margaux. The bedrooms at the Griffin (there are only four of them available for guests, which means that reservations need to be made in advance) are centrally heated and attractively furnished. They are not provided with bedside telephones, but they are provided with something rarer and more useful: bedside libraries.

Three miles from Llyswn I discovered another, rather larger inn, called the Three Cocks, where I might have been perfectly content to put up if I had not found accommodation at the Griffin. The Three Cocks is an old coaching inn, with a very pretty and well-kept garden. I had a simple but excellent lunch there.

Llyswn is nine miles from Brecon, a small town situated in the valley of the River Usk between the Black Mountains and the Brecon Beacons, with an old priory church that was

designated a cathedral in 1923. Brecon in turn is twenty miles northwest of Abergavenny, a market town on the River Usk in Monmouthshire, which is conventionally regarded as the starting point of a trip through central Wales. Thus I had both the Wye and the Usk more or less on my doorstep, and were I an angler I might have been inclined to stay on in Llyswen at the sacrifice of the rest of the tour. The Usk, like the Wye, is not only beautiful but stocked with trout and salmon; a license to fish it is readily procurable from a local angling association.

Actually, I allowed myself only a couple of days in Llyswen. I used them to explore the neighboring countryside, whose nature may be guessed at from the situation of Brecon, although the Black Mountains of Breconshire, as opposed to the Black Mountains of Carmarthenshire further west, are curiously misnamed. They are a reddish-brown, and remote though they may be, there is nothing bleak or forbidding about them. In fact, most of Breconshire and Radnorshire to the north, which is the least populated of the Welsh counties, consists of high moorland where the heather grows and sheep roam.

I use the word "explore" advisedly, for I did not follow predetermined routes but turned off main roads as the fancy took me, usually without any idea of where I was going next. This doubtless meant that I missed seeing much that the guidebooks consider essential. On the other hand, it gave me frequent sensations of discovery. There is no country that I know of where indiscriminate turning-off can be done more rewardingly than in Wales. A side road is never, in my experience, a dead end or a path to nowhere of interest. It always leads to a place lovely and apparently untrodden or a place that seems buried in the past. As an example, the map showed me that instead of returning to Llyswen from Abergavenny via Brecon (which was the way I had come) I could drive about halfway along the main road to Hereford and then cut across country by a series of minor roads. But I carelessly took the wrong turning. It led me through a valley to a ruined abbey, which I was to learn afterwards is called Llanthony and dates from the twelfth century.

I had decided to go direct from Llyswen to Pembrokeshire, which is

in the extreme southwest and is sometimes described as a little England beyond Wales, because no Welsh is spoken there. Since I had been unable to secure any reliable inside information about where to stay in Pembrokeshire, I had also decided to play it safe by putting up at a so-called luxury hotel in Tenby, which is a seaside resort town. The route I had chosen, which seemed the most direct, took me north to Builth Wells, one of a number of the more or less famous spas of central Wales, and then southwest through Llandovery, Llandilo, and Carmarthen.

This proved the part of my tour that I should now feel most disposed to revise. To begin with, eighty-four British miles are too many to motor



in one day, if any appreciable amount of dallying is to be done en route. In fact, I found time for only one turning-off, and that was to see something I had already heard of: the thirteenth-century castle, Carreg Cennen, near Llandilo, which has a subterranean passage and stands magnificently atop a precipice three hundred feet high. I lunched at the Dol y Coed hotel in Llanwrtyd Wells — a hotel delightfully situated by a running brook, with the mountains rising steeply at the back of it — and I could cheerfully have spent the night there. I should have liked, too, to wander the banks of the Towy River between Llandovery and Carmarthen and to have the opportunity of seeing one or more of the twelve privileged fishermen who use the coracle, a canvas boat of very ancient design that can be carried on the back.

And then I found that Tenby was about the least suitable headquarters I could have chosen for touring Pembrokeshire. It is an impressive place

to approach, built dramatically on cliff overlooking the sea. It is an interesting place to spend a little time in, too: a curious blending of medieval fortress (I had never before seen an old walled town whose walls were still so formidable and evident) and Victorian-made resort. But in the summer months, apparently, it is packed to suffocation with holiday makers who do not blend well with either the Victorian or the medieval background. And the hotel where I stayed, though it was not genuinely luxurious and its food was pretentiously bad, charged prices that were as they say euphemistically, seasonal fifteen dollars a day full board, which is high for anywhere in Britain and nearly three times the Griffin rate.

Pembroke, ten miles to the west, would have been a much better choice. It is a hauntingly peaceful old town at the estuary of the Pembroke River, with a huge castle towering on a rock at the end of the main and virtually the only street. There are, as I discovered, two moderately priced hotels in Pembroke. One of them is perfectly adequate, as hotels in Wales go. The other, the Old King's Arms, which is the smaller of the two, has a first-class cuisine.

Distances are not great in Pembrokeshire, and the three days I spent there seem to me now proportionately about the right time to have allowed. I was at some pains to seek out the better-known sights, for I had never been in Pembrokeshire and might never go again. I saw the castles at Manorbier and Carew; I saw Saint David's Cathedral, which dates from the twelfth century and stands on the desolate site where the patron saint of Wales founded his church six hundred years earlier; I saw Saint Bride's Bay, which typifies the Pembrokeshire coast line, unspoiled in its rugged wildness and guaranteed against despoilment because, like Snowdonia, it has been made a national park. And, for contrast, I went to Milford Haven, a natural harbor and "new town" of the late eighteenth century which is at present in the grip of a vast industrial development program.

I also found time for chance turning-off, and this led me to a variety of unexpected and enchanting places: for instance, to a little ruined castle called Llawhaden, where the village dogs were barking disrespect-

ully around the main gate; to a solitary chapel called Millin Cross; to a picture post-card village called the Rhos, where there is an inhabited castle that is hidden in its park of tall trees and, unlike most of Britain's stately homes nowadays, is strictly private; to a stretch of sandy beach beneath the cliffs, called Marloes, that was almost deserted, though the sun was shining warmly enough for a swim; and finally to a broad inlet where I was alone with the sea birds and where I could hardly believe anyone had ever been before. I have not yet been able to identify it by name.

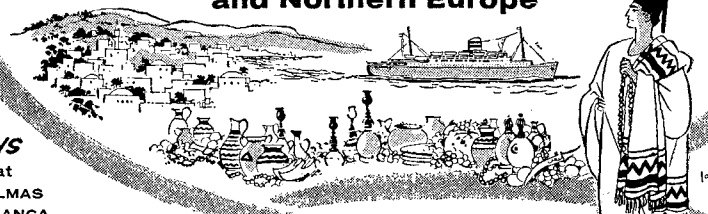
A week of my allotted two weeks was now gone, and, allowing a day to get there, I had planned to spend the remainder of the time in north Wales. Although this was more a sentimental journey for me than a journey of exploration, I should think any tourist would do wisely to spend the bulk of his available time in north Wales, for it is the most spectacularly beautiful part of the country, and it is also the most Welsh. Nearly all the inhabitants speak the Welsh language, and in remote districts some of the older people have no English.

However, the unwary should be warned that if one goes to see north Wales there is always the risk of not seeing it or at least of seeing very little of the mountains of Snowdonia, which are as often as not blanketed in cloud. In central and south Wales, particularly in Pembrokeshire, the chances of sunshine are good by British standards. In north Wales the chances are considerably poorer.

Still, nature can be perverse, and this time, though Britain as a whole was enduring one of the wettest summers in history, the mountains of Snowdonia were green under the sun and the lakes sparkled during my week in their company. I came from Tenby by Cardigan on the River Teifi and then along the coastal road to Aberystwyth, largest of the Welsh holiday resorts but also a cultural center, with a university and a library that is the national library of Wales. From Aberystwyth my route took me inland to Machynlleth and on through mountainous country to Dolgelley, the capital of Merionethshire. At that point I was in north Wales and had already driven over a hundred miles, but my destination, Beddgelert, which is in the heart of

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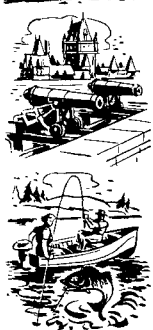
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Snowdonia and one of several starting points for an ascent by foot of Mount Snowdon itself, was another thirty-five miles away. Again, it was too long a journey to be done comfortably in a day, although except for Dolgelley, where I returned later, there seemed no particularly tempting place to spend a night at in transit.

The center of Beddgelert is a narrow stone bridge across the River Glaslyn. It is something of a show village, and, as I was to be told more than once, had recently been the location of an Ingrid Bergman movie. Although it is not by any means as commercialized as one might expect it to be under these circumstances — un-camera-conscious villagers still congregate on the bridge and chatter in their own tongue — I found it too crowded, especially with motorcars and buses, to be altogether to my liking. I should have preferred to stay at Pen y Gwryd, a few miles to the northeast, which consists of just a fishing inn on the Llanberis Pass. The inn has a rather run-down appearance, but this, to judge from a lunch which I ate there, belies its quality.

Beddgelert, nevertheless, was as central a point as I could have chosen for seeing north Wales. There were places I wanted to see beyond the limits of Snowdonia, but they were all within comparatively easy reach. There was Portmeirion, which I have already mentioned. There was Harlech, with its castle, championship golf course, and sands. There was what I think of as the Lloyd George country: the country, that is, around the little seaside town of Cricieth, where he was brought up, where he often returned in the days of his fame, and where he is buried in a mausoleum overlooking the gently flowing Dwyfor River. Caernarvon, too, is a Lloyd George town, for he was its parliamentary representative for more than fifty years and constable of its thirteenth-century castle, which is the most impressive of all the castles in Wales that I have seen.

The return trip to Dolgelley (thirty-five miles was the furthest needed to go from Beddgelert. I was not particularly attracted by the town itself, which, if characteristically Welsh, is also dour, but I wanted to have a closer look at the mountains nearby, particularly at Cade Idris, which is second only to Snowdon. I should add for the benefit of railroad fanciers (and I confess to being one myself) that the oldest narrow-gauge railroad in the world is also near Dolgelley. It is called the Tal y Llyn railway and was constructed in 1865. It still uses its original rolling stock.

And one other place beyond the limits of Snowdonia that I think should not be missed is Beaumaris in Anglesey, an island off the northwest coast which is joined to the mainland by a suspension bridge from Bangor and which is as flat as most of north Wales is mountainous. Beaumaris is

a seaside residential town, with a castle, a well-known yachting club, and an atmosphere that is old-fashioned in the best sense. The hotel where I dined, called the Bulkeley Arms, fitted this atmosphere perfectly. I could hardly believe



that its dignified porticoed entrance was an entrance to a hotel at all, and the meal I was served was fragrantly reminiscent of the long-dead days before the war when one ate seven-course dinners in Britain. Afterwards I sat in the garden and had a lovely teasing view of the Caernarvon mountains across Conway Bay.

My time was up, and I took the road from Beddgelert to Capel Curig and Bettws y Coed and thence out of the national park, though not out of the mountains, to Llangollen, where the international Eisteddfod, a festival of singing, is held every year in July. That was just fifty miles, but along a twisting uphill and downhill road, transformed into a main thoroughfare by motorized holidaymakers, it was the longest fifty miles of my tour. Shrewsbury was twenty-nine miles further on, and Shrewsbury was in England. I decided that would be far enough.